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THE CYCLOPEAN EYE.

[Mr. Mawer, writing in *Knowledge*, points out that the thinly covered opening in a child's skull "marks the position occupied in former generations by an eye, and reminds us of the Cyclops."]]

QUOTH old Homer, the Cyclops were horrid,
Yet they managed to be of some use;
For with only one eye in the forehead,
They could thunderbolts fashion for Zeus.
Mr. Mawer now, an ardent Darwinian,
Has declared we can find if we try—
It is really a startling opinion—
The "ancestral invertebrate eye."

Take your babies, and investigation
Will soon show what all nurses know well:
On their heads there's a place where pulsation
Can be felt, and it's called *fontanelle*.
There's a soft cartilaginous membrane,
And beneath it, in ages gone by,
Was, instead of what now is with them brain,
The ancestral invertebrate eye.

If we study the lizard Varanus,
As he lives at his ease in the Zoo,
He is formed on a plan that would gain us
A third eye *plus* the regular two.
Like the eyes of invertebrates fashion'd,
O'er the vertebrate pair towering high,
Could it weep, or look bold and impassion'd,
The ancestral invertebrate eye?

But two eyes were enough, and the function
Of the third, from disuse, died away;
And Dame Nature, sans any compunction,
Leaves us only its traces to-day.
Yet the bard must be pardon'd for thinking,
When a damozel hovers anigh,
What a power it would add to our winking,
That ancestral invertebrate eye!
St. James's Gazette. H. SAVILE CLARKE.

THE PARTITION OF THE EARTH.

BY FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

"THERE! Take the world!" Jove from
his skyeey throne
To mortals cried; "For you and for your
heirs
A heritage forever—all your own:
But see that each with each like brothers
shares!"

Then straight to work all that had fingers
went,
All busy, all alert, both young and old;
The farmer was on fruitful harvests bent,
A-hunting sped the squire through wood
and wold.

The merchant fills his stores from near and
far,
The abbot culls the choicest, oldest wine,

The king on bridge and highway sets his bar,
And says, "The tenth of everything is
mine!"

Long after all and each had ta'en his share,
The poet comes—he had been far away;
He looks, and looks in vain, for everywhere
Nought could he see, but owned a master's
sway.

"Woe's me! Shall I, of all thy sons the
best,
Shall I, then, be forgotten, I alone?"
Thus his complaint he to great Jove addressed,
And flung him down before the Thunderer's
throne.

"Not mine the blame," the god replied, "I
trow,
If in the Land of Dreams thy life was led!
When earth was being parcelled, where wert
thou?"

"I was with thee, with thee," the poet said.

"Mine eye upon thy face in rapture gazed,
Thy heaven's full harmonies enchained
mine ear;
Forgive the soul that, by thy radiance dazed,
Let go its hold upon the earthly sphere."

"What now?" said Jove; "on earth I've
nought to give,
Field, forest, market, they no more are
mine;
But in my heaven if thou with me wouldst
live,
Come when thou wilt, a welcome shall be
thine!"

THEODORE MARTIN.

Blackwood's Magazine.

BURIED TREASURES.

'Tis true my later years are blest
With all that riches can bestow,
But there is wealth, wealth cannot buy,
Hid in the mines of "long ago."

There jealous guard does Memory keep;
Yet sometimes, when I dream alone,
She comes and takes my hand in hers,
And shows me what was once my own.

I revel 'mong such precious things;
I count my treasures o'er and o'er;
I learn the worth of some, whose worth,
Ah me! I never knew before.

And then all slowly fades away,
And I return to things *you* know,
With empty hands and tear-filled eyes,
Back from the mines of "long ago."

MARIE HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

Chambers' Journal.

From The Edinburgh Review.
SIDNEY, EARL OF GODOLPHIN.*

THAT portion of the reign of Anne, during which Lord Godolphin held the office of lord high treasurer of England, was one of the most remarkable periods in English history. It was distinguished by victory abroad and prosperity at home; it was illustrious from the genius of its writers and the capacity of its statesmen. Yet, by a singular mischance, its story has been never adequately related. Lord Macaulay's death interrupted his narrative on the threshold of this era. Mr. Lecky's admirable history disposes in a few sentences of the great military achievements, which his temperament and taste alike indispose him to tell. And though Lord Stanhope, Mr. Wyon, and Mr. Burton have all addressed themselves to the task, they have none of them succeeded in producing an account of Anne's reign which can be regarded as a classic. It thus happens that, while every debating society finds one of its favorite subjects for discussion in the rival glories of the reigns of Anne and Elizabeth, the speakers who prefer the reign of Anne can find their opinions on no history which has made a permanent impression on the world.

It is remarkable that the want which is experienced in considering the era has hitherto been felt in determining the character of the minister who presided throughout the greater portion of it over the destinies of the country. No statesman who has risen to equal eminence in England during the last three centuries has left so indistinct an impression as Godolphin on political history. Most people of the present day derive their chief knowledge of the history of England from the late Mr. Green's attractive pages, yet they might almost read through the short history without realizing that such a man as Godolphin ever lived. Though he had held high and responsible office under Charles II., James II., and William III., his name is never mentioned by Mr. Green till 1698, when we are told that he became one of

the leading members of a Tory administration. In the next twenty pages we learn incidentally that he was made lord treasurer in 1702; that he was dismissed from office in 1710; that he was a friend of Marlborough, who on one occasion advised him to burn some "querulous letters," and who on another occasion was induced by him to withdraw his resignation. Except that we may also infer that he secretly encouraged the lords to resist a new religious test, we are told literally nothing of the man who stood at the helm of State when Blenheim was fought and Gibraltar was taken. Of what he did, of what he said, of what he thought, of what he was, we can gain no idea from a history which is as popular as it is in most respects excellent.*

Nor can Mr. Green be held responsible for this deficiency. Many statesmen leave autobiographies, journals, or at least papers behind them.

Of Sidney Godolphin there are no such remains. Nor has the work which he was too indolent or too careless to perform for himself been performed by others. His fame inspired no contemporaneous writer to preserve, if he could do no more, those records of his career which must have been common during his life and for a short time after his death. . . . Thus the traces which [he] has left are few, faint, and uncertain. Unlike most of his great contemporaries, he has transmitted no literary work by which we can judge of the character and fibre of his mind. Such speeches as he made are scarcely preserved. When he dropped into the grave a mighty silence fell upon his name and his past, and an obscurity which is almost impenetrable still defies the most painstaking inquiry into some of the most important matters of his life.

This obscurity Mr. Hugh Elliot has now done his best to dispel. By examining the manuscripts in the British Museum and Public Record Office, by collecting scattered references to Godolphin in published works, he has pieced together the best account which has yet been published "of a man who was undoubtedly great," and who exercised a great

* *The Life of Sidney, Earl of Godolphin, K.G., Lord High Treasurer of England, 1702 to 1710.* By the Hon. Hugh Elliot, M.P. London: 1888.

* In like manner the last edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" bestows but a single column on the great minister, and the notice of him is not only brief, but inaccurate, even in the date of his birth.

influence on history. At the same time he has endeavored to clear Godolphin's memory from some of the reproaches which have clung to it, and to claim for him a larger share of legislative and financial capacity than has usually been accorded to him. With much that he has written we find ourselves ready to concur. In the few cases in which we are disposed to dissent from his conclusions we gladly recognize the care and the moderation with which he has stated his own view. The vivacity of many of Mr. Elliot's descriptions, and his clear and crisp style, increase — we ought to add — the interest of his work.

Before we leave Mr. Elliot, however, we ought to notice one merit in his book which deserves to be acknowledged, and one defect which he can easily supply. The merit is the rare one, which many biographers will envy and which some will do well to imitate, of compressing the life of a great statesman into one volume of four hundred and twenty pages. The defect is the want of any index, and is the more serious because the book is also without any analytical table of contents. Both deficiencies might easily be supplied in a later edition.

Sidney Godolphin, sprung from a good and wealthy Cornish family, was born at Godolphin Hall, near Helston, in 1645. His father, Francis, who "fought for the king, but compounded with the Parliament," was at an early age elected "for St. Ives, and continued to sit in the House of Commons for various constituencies." His mother Dorothy was a "daughter of Sir Charles Berkeley of Yarlington, and sister of the future Lord Berkeley of Stratton." A large family of sixteen children blessed the marriage of Francis Godolphin and Dorothy Berkeley. Sidney, the third son, though eventually, through the death of his elder brothers, the successor to the family estates, owed his christian name to his uncle, another Sidney Godolphin, a man of some repute in his day — with whom the future lord treasurer, Mr. Elliot tells us, is occasionally confounded.

Of Godolphin's youth little is known. Mr. Elliot rejects, apparently on good

grounds, the story that he was educated at Oxford, and inclines to the belief that at a very early age he joined Charles II. on the Continent. It is, at any rate, as a page at court, after the Restoration, that we are first able to make his acquaintance; and it is through the patronage which a court affords that he rises to be groom of the bedchamber with, in those days, the not inconsiderable income of 1,000*l.* a year.

Yet, though "bred a page at Whitehall," as Macaulay rhetorically put it, Godolphin was singularly free from the faults and vices of the gay throng that fluttered round the bright but dissolute king of England. Burnet tells us that "he was the most silent and modest man that was perhaps ever bred in a court;" and the king himself paid him the striking compliment that he was "never in the way, nor out of the way." His steady conduct was probably promoted by the influence of the lady to whom he was married in 1675. Mistress Margaret Blague, the daughter of a staunch Royalist, was educated in Paris. At the Restoration she returned to England, and in 1661 became one of the ladies of the court. Her elder sister, Henrietta, is described in De Grammont's pages as foolish, frivolous, and plain. The younger sister is not mentioned by the gay Frenchman. "De Grammont required food for scandal, and . . . scandal about Miss Margaret Blague there was none." But her merits have been preserved by a very different writer. Evelyn wrote her life; and she lives in his pages as "the most excellent and inestimable friend that ever lived. Never was a more virtuous, discreet, and admirable creature. . . . She was for wit, beauty, good nature, fidelity, discretion, and all accomplishments the most incomparable. She was the best wife, the best mistress, the best friend that ever husband had." With such qualities Margaret Blague would have adorned any society. She shone with added lustre in the vicious atmosphere of Charles II.'s court.

Such was the lady for whom Godolphin waited, according to Mr. Elliot, for at least five, but, if Evelyn be right, for nine, years, and who was only spared to him for

another three. She presented him a few days before her death in 1678 with a boy, whose marriage twenty years afterwards was to have a decisive influence on his father's fortunes. But Godolphin's grief at the time left him no heart for the future. "Struck with unspeakable affliction, [he] fell down as dead. So afflicted was [he] that the entire care of her funeral was committed to me" (Evelyn).

Though her body, by her own directions, was carried to Cornwall and buried among the Godolphins, her husband was too overwhelmed with grief to attend the funeral.

Nor in the course of years was it destined, as it often is, that the grave should reunite those who have been separated for half a lifetime. Poverty had separated Sidney from his wife in youth; rank, fame, honor, and great reputation divided them after death; for while the body of Margaret Blague reposes under the church at St. Breage, that of Godolphin has found a more splendid resting-place amidst the sacred dust of the greatest men of the nation.

The story of Godolphin's short married life has little or no connection with his political career. Yet it does much to illustrate his character. Private virtues predispose us to place a favorable construction on public actions; and we feel instinctively that a man who could wait for his wife so patiently, who could love her so loyally, and mourn her so truly, must have been made of gentler and purer fibre than the wits and dandies who are associated with the second Charles. At the time of his wife's death Godolphin still held the office of groom of the bedchamber, but he had already addressed himself to other duties than those which gentlemen of the bedchamber are usually expected to perform. In 1668 he had been elected one of the members for Helston. Early in 1678—the year in which Mrs. Godolphin died—he was sent on a special mission to the Spanish Netherlands,* and in 1679 he was made a commissioner of the treasury.

* Evelyn says in the life of Mrs. Godolphin that Godolphin had previously been sent abroad by his Majesty and had fallen sick, a circumstance which had occasioned "great trouble" to Margaret Blague; and Mr. Holmes, in a note on the passage, says that in 1668

The time at which Godolphin thus assumed a subordinate seat at the Treasury Board was the most critical in the reign of Charles II. The Treaty of Nimeguen had discredited the king's foreign policy; the revelations of Titus Oates had created a violent animosity against Rome; and while the king was justly suspected of sympathy with the Roman Catholics, his brother and heir was notoriously a member of the Roman Catholic Church. The country, seething apparently with revolution, was loudly demanding securities against Popery; the House of Commons, reflecting the views of the people, was passing the bill which proposed the exclusion of James II. from the throne; and the passage of this measure was only resisted by the firmness of the king and the support which he received from the House of Lords. It has been known for long that Godolphin supported the Exclusion Bill in the House of Commons. His cautious temperament made it almost certain that he would adopt such a policy. "Anxious for quiet," to use Macaulay's language, "and believing that quiet could be restored only by concession, he wished the bill to pass." Mr. Elliot thinks that Godolphin behaved with some treachery to James on this occasion.

He stooped to flatter James at Brussels with the semblance of friendship, while he opposed him in England; and he took advantage of that melancholy faculty of self-deception which, perhaps more than anything else, led that unfortunate prince a few years later to his ruin.

We are not quite sure that we agree with Mr. Elliot. Godolphin was certainly not guilty of deceiving James in his opposition to the Exclusion Bill, for his vote and conduct were publicly known. It is true that he was simultaneously engaged with Sunderland, Barillon, and the Duchess of Portsmouth in a negotiation which Burnet calls "a scheme," and which is believed to have contemplated the exclusion of James from the throne. But Burnet tells us that the whole scheme was so great a secret that he could never pene-

Mr. Godolphin had accompanied his relation (? his eldest brother), Sir W. Godolphin, on a mission to Spain. Mr. Elliot appears to have missed this incident.

trate into it. We do not observe that Mr. Elliot has unveiled the arcana into which Burnet was unable to pry; and we decline to condemn a great minister because he was connected with a plot whose particulars are still unknown.

The animosity which was felt against the Roman Catholics gradually subsided. The conspiracy of Titus Oates was succeeded by the Rye House Plot. Charles II., taking advantage of a revulsion of public feeling, clung to his own policy. The Exclusion Bill was abandoned; the men who had been most active in promoting it were prosecuted or driven from the kingdom; and the Tory reaction commenced, in which Russell and Sydney fell victims to the king's displeasure, and Shaftesbury fled into exile.

But the new reaction did not interfere with Godolphin's fortunes. His vote against the Exclusion Bill did not deprive him of the favor of the king. "Cautious, silent, and laborious, he observed a strict neutrality during the ensuing struggle, and he received his reward. Rochester, the son of Clarendon, had been placed at the head of the Treasury at the very time at which Godolphin had been appointed to a seat at the Board. Accused in 1684 of malversation, he was removed from his post and appointed to a richer, but less responsible, office—the presidency of the Council. In his room Godolphin was made first commissioner of the Treasury, and was directed to convey to Rochester the king's decision. "His promotion in the government was attended with a corresponding elevation in society. He was made a peer, with the title of Lord Godolphin of Rialton." Fifty years afterwards the coronet would probably have extinguished his chances of promotion. In 1684 it increased his influence. Silent and sagacious, moreover, he was by temperament better fitted for the deliberations of the House of Lords than for the struggles of the House of Commons; and, while his voice had been rarely heard in the one House, he soon exerted a commanding influence in the other.

Five months after Godolphin's promotion the death of Charles II. raised the Duke of York to the throne. The accession of James II. seemed "absolutely fatal" to Godolphin's success.

His offences against James were numerous and unpardonable, and of a sort which any man would resent, and which a harsh man might, with the full approbation of the world, revenge. He had been the friend of James, and had wilfully violated his friendship; he

had attempted to deprive him of his right to the throne. . . . The very light of the new reign dawned upon an act which James can have regarded in no other aspect than as a transgression. Of all his adherents Rochester had been the most faithful. . . . Yet Godolphin, a very few months before James's accession, had been instrumental in driving this faithful follower from a coveted office, and obliging him, amidst the ridicule of society, to submit to the insult of a mock promotion. . . . Sure and condign punishment seemed the certain fate of Godolphin and Sunderland. To the surprise of all, they speedily assumed important posts in the new king's government. . . . Sunderland was made Secretary of State, Godolphin Lord Chamberlain to the Queen.

The short and stormy reign of James II. was not suited to the character and genius of Godolphin.

Yet throughout it, his influence was continually rising, and Rochester, Sunderland, and he soon formed what Macaulay has called "the interior cabinet" of the new king.

Such a position was not favorable to Godolphin's character. It was difficult for any one who enjoyed the confidence of James II. to escape the taint of his policy; and Godolphin's name was soon connected with transactions which were in the highest degree discreditable. James II., imitating his brother's policy, did not scruple to receive a large sum of money from Louis XIV.; and Rochester, in applying for it, is reported to have told the French ambassador that his master could not employ his revenues better, as it was important that "the king of England should be dependent, not on his own people, but on the friendship of France alone." When the money was paid, James II. shed, or pretended to shed, tears of gratitude; and Godolphin, in conjunction with his colleagues, is said to have assured the minister of France that "he had given new life to their royal master." If the story, which is usually told in this way, be true, so disgraceful a proceeding admits of no apology. Mr. Elliot frankly says that "kings have been deposed and ministers beheaded for a smaller offence." But we think that Mr. Elliot might have recollected that the story rests on Barillon's authority, and that it is inconsistent with what we know of Godolphin's character. Though, then, it has been related and repeated by historians till its reiteration has secured its general acceptance, it still stands on Barillon's testimony; and we are hardly justified in condemning a great English minister on such evidence.

This crime, however, was not the only

unworthy transaction with which Godolphin was connected in the reign of James II. The new king had hardly been six weeks on his throne before he made a public display of his adherence to his religion. As chamberlain to the queen it was perhaps necessary that Godolphin should accompany her Majesty to mass, and the excuse of Naaman may fairly be pleaded for him. But he did much more.

So skilfully did he practise his hypocrisy that each party was confident either of keeping or of winning him. . . . Godolphin was always on the verge of becoming a professed Roman Catholic. . . . Masses were daily said at the king's chapel for his conversion, and vaunts were loudly expressed that he would at length be gathered into the fold. "Lord Godolphin is in doubts," triumphantly exclaimed Ellis, one of the four Popish bishops, to the Protestant Sir Thomas Dyke. "If he is in doubt with you, he is not in doubt with me," was the reply. Thus, with infinite tact and prudence, Godolphin secured the support, or, we should perhaps say, avoided the animosity, of both the great religious parties of the State.

Such tact and prudence at least had the effect of advancing Godolphin's fortunes. He "rose in the king's estimation. James, to his surprise, found him a bold and energetic man, and spoke of him in high terms of approval. . . . In 1686[he] again became a commissioner of the treasury."

His material prosperity increased with his political fortunes, and he left the house in Scotland Yard, to which a dozen years before he had brought his wife, for a more commodious residence—Cranbourne Lodge—in Windsor Park. "Godolphin besought Evelyn to visit Cranbourne," and Mr. Elliot tells us that the trees which now form its chief attraction were probably planted under Evelyn's directions. Perhaps his residence in the country may have afforded him an excuse for taking a less active part in the transactions which cast discredit on the closing months of the reign of James II. Godolphin's conduct at the close of the reign was, indeed, highly creditable to him.

He was one of the last to abandon a desperate cause. . . . He did his best to fortify the unfortunate king with good advice. . . . He was one of the three commissioners whom James appointed to meet William of Orange at Hungerford, and a story is related that, when James finally determined upon flight, Godolphin lent him a hundred guineas, which had been refused to him by his own Treasury.

Much as we dislike the character and conduct of James II., cordially as we approve

the great Revolution which happily drove him from his throne, we infinitely prefer the spectacle of Godolphin standing by his master in his fall to that of the same minister abetting the king in his power.

Nothing is more surprising in Godolphin's career than the ease with which he extricated himself from difficulties apparently fatal to his fortunes. No one could have foreseen in 1684 that the man who had voted against the Exclusion Bill would have become one of the "interior Cabinet" of the last of the Stuart kings; and no one could have foreseen in 1688 that the statesman who had stood to the end by the fallen Stuart would have obtained office at the very outset under his successor. From a purely worldly point of view—if a metaphor which Godolphin himself would probably have used be permitted—he had backed the wrong horse, both in 1681 and in 1688. He had thrown in his lot with William when he should have supported James, and he had stood by James when he should have gone over to William.

Nine men out of ten would have quarrelled with their fate and surrendered themselves to despair. Not so Godolphin. Nobody knew better than he how to repair a loss or to convert disaster into victory. He was versed in the intrigues of Court, the knowledge of public business, and the management of men. The tools which had enabled him to construct his fortunes were still in his possession . . . and the course of his official life was hardly interrupted by a change of sovereigns. On February 14, 1689, Godolphin was appointed by William a Commissioner of the Treasury.

Such a story at any rate affords a decisive proof how high his reputation stood as a prudent and able minister. Experience had, in fact, shown that Godolphin had no strong predilections for either dynasty; but experience had also shown that, whether he served Papist or Protestant, the affairs of his office were prudently and regularly administered.

Godolphin, however, did not long retain the subordinate situation at the Treasury to which he was thus appointed. He retired early in 1690; and Mr. Elliot has no new explanation to offer of the causes which led to his retirement. Probably, however, Macaulay has guessed correctly the reason which influenced him. The general election of 1690 had radically altered the composition of the House of Commons. The Whigs had been beaten at the polls, and by Carmarthen's influence—for the Danby of Charles II. had now become Carmarthen—Monmouth and

Delamere, "two of the most violent Whigs in England,"* left the Treasury Board. Godolphin probably expected that his own proved capacity would secure him the first place on the commission in succession to Monmouth; but Carmarthen selected for the appointment Sir John Lowther, the Tory member for Westminster. It was natural that Godolphin should resent such an arrangement. The new first lord had neither his capacity nor his experience, and he was his inferior in rank. Godolphin resigned, and his resignation was attended with the consequences which he probably foresaw. Before the year was over, the king discovered that he could not afford to dispense with the most capable administrator in the kingdom, and Godolphin returned to the Treasury as the head of the Board.

Godolphin remained at the Treasury for almost exactly six years, and these years covered one of the most memorable periods in the financial history of this country. During that period the national debt, in the true sense of the term, had its origin; exchequer bills were first issued; the Bank of England was constituted; and the coinage was reformed. The merit of these great measures has universally been given to Charles Montague, who, as chancellor of the exchequer, held a place on the Board in subordination to Godolphin. Mr. Elliot, however, thinks that some portion of it should belong to Godolphin.

Godolphin [he argues] was the head of the department in which Charles Montague was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer carried with it in the reign of William III. the full obligation of departmental administration. . . . It seems, therefore, most improbable that Bills vitally affecting his department should not to a great extent have been the result of his [Godolphin's] experience and ability.

We are not convinced by this reasoning. Apart from the fact, which Mr. Elliot himself admits, that Montague was the minister who brought forward and expounded these measures in Parliament, Mr. Elliot's contention strikes at the root of historical knowledge. Our acquaintance with past events necessarily depends on the evidence of men living at the time at which they took place; and when contemporary writers give the credit to one man, it is a hopeless task for subsequent critics to confer it on another. But we also doubt whether there is anything in Godolphin's career which makes it prob-

able that he would have devised the measures which have placed Charles Montague among the great financiers of England. His capacity was essentially that of an administrator, not of an originator, of finance. No great measure can be distinctly said to have had its origin in his intellect. We readily admit that in prudent management of the exchequer he was superior to all his contemporaries; but we know of no evidence to show that in fertility of resource he was Montague's equal.

During the period with which we are now concerned Godolphin occupied a peculiar position. He frequently desired, or expressed a desire, to resign. He was dissuaded from doing so both by the solicitations of James and the entreaties of William. James's wish that his friend should retain office under his successor is not wonderful. He knew that Godolphin had no strong political predilections, and that he was quite as ready to serve under one king as another. Through his friends in England he received an assurance of his old servant's affection; and he learned that Marlborough, who was already exercising a strong influence on Godolphin, was meditating or plotting a counter revolution. Knowing all this, it is not surprising that James should have desired Godolphin's continuance at the Treasury. It is probable that William was not ignorant of what Mr. Elliot calls "Godolphin's complicity with the Jacobites." And it is a striking proof both of his courage and of his sagacity that he should, notwithstanding, have desired to retain Godolphin in office. He probably considered — and if so he judged rightly — that, admirable as was his minister in the management of affairs, his silent, cautious temperament was not likely to encourage revolution or counter revolution. It is hardly true to say — as Macaulay said — that the great object of Godolphin's life was to keep "his head, his estate, and a place at the Board of Treasury." But there can be very little doubt that, if James had returned to Whitehall, Godolphin would have been ready to resume office under his old master; and that while William remained on the throne he was equally certain to conduct the affairs of the Treasury with punctuality and ability. William, therefore, had no desire to part with the ablest administrator in the kingdom because he was prepared to serve under his rival; and Godolphin, notwithstanding his expressed anxiety to resign, had made the business of the Treasury too much a part

* Macaulay, vol. iii., p. 539.

and parcel of his life to be impatient to quit it.

Godolphin's position throughout these transactions seems at first sight so inexplicable, and has in fact been so imperfectly explained, that we venture to hazard the following solution of it. It appears to us that throughout his career he viewed his retention of office in very much the same light in which the same question is always regarded now by the permanent civil servants of the crown. Party government, it must be recollected, was not known in the seventeenth century. Till, indeed, the very closing years of the reign of William III. no considerable statesman had even suggested that the opinions of the king's servants should correspond with those of the majority of the House of Commons. Though ministers fell and rose, their fall and rise were determined by the sovereign and not by Parliament; and, so far as opinion had any weight, it was exerted on behalf of dynasties, and not to raise or depress administrations. A "modest, silent, sagacious, and upright" public servant—the epithets are applied by Smollett to Godolphin—without any strong political convictions of his own, capable of seeing that a good deal could be said both for the views of strict hereditary right for which the Tories were contending, and for the wider and more comprehensive principles for which the Whigs were striving, might easily have convinced himself that it was his duty to regard the king as the head of the State rather than as the representative of the dynasty, and to carry on the work of his office with equal loyalty under either monarch. This explanation accounts for almost the whole of Godolphin's proceedings; while it is easy to see that his cautious conduct, in identifying himself rather with the State than with the king, would have induced the Whigs to regard him as a traitor and the Tories to watch him with suspicion.*

However ready, indeed, William may have been to avail himself of Godolphin's services, the Whigs from the very first regarded his presence at the Treasury with dislike. They thought with some reason that the prizes of office should have been conferred on those who had risked life and property in contending for the Revolution, and that one of the highest posts

under the crown should not have been given to a man who had been the adviser, and whom they still regarded as the agent, of the deposed king. Clarges openly compared Godolphin to Judas Iscariot, and from 1691 to 1696 the Whigs carried on an agitation for his removal which ultimately led to his retirement.

It is perhaps impossible at the present time to determine whether there were any grounds for the Whig suspicion that Godolphin was implicated in any of the conspiracies for the restoration of James II. In 1691 an agent of James, one Bulkeley, called on him in his office, engaged him in conversation, and, after some interviews, elicited from him a declaration of attachment to James. Macaulay, in relating the incident, has given a sinister construction to it. Godolphin, he says, "began to think, as he would have himself expressed it, that he had betted too deep on the Revolution, and that it was time to hedge." But it is surely possible to attach a more lenient interpretation to Godolphin's language. It was both natural and excusable that he should speak in terms of kindness and even devotion of a king in whose service he had acted and whose confidence he had enjoyed. And his professions of attachment might easily have been exaggerated by James's agent into declarations of loyalty. It is possible to dismiss almost equally summarily the evidence which in 1696 implicated Godolphin in Fenwick's conspiracy. There is no doubt that Sir John Fenwick was engaged with other Jacobites in a plot against the life of William; and that after his arrest he "attempted to purchase his own life by making disclosures to William and the House of Commons. He declared that Shrewsbury, Godolphin, Marlborough, and Russell were reconciled to James; that they had sought and received pardon from him; that they were, in fact, traitors." But there is also no doubt that Godolphin publicly repudiated the truth of the charge. He said in Parliament:—

I certainly did continue to the last in the service of King James and of his queen. I was esteemed by them both. But I cannot think that a crime. It is possible that they and those who are about them may imagine that I am still attached to their interest. That I cannot help. But it is utterly false that I have had any such dealings with the court of St. Germain as are described in the papers which your lordships have heard read.

At the worst, therefore, we have only the word of Fenwick against the word of Godolphin. No doubt his friendship with

* The position of Godolphin under William III. bears some resemblance to that of M. de Falloux under Louis Napoleon in 1849. Those who have read the memoirs of that honest French Royalist will at least understand how a man can preserve his connection with the king whom he believes to be king *de jure*, and at the same time render loyal service to the king *de facto*.

both kings placed him in a position in which his words and actions were always liable to misconstruction. But the assertion that while he was eating William's salt he was actively engaged in a conspiracy for James's return, rests on evidence on which we should be reluctant to convict a man whose services were less distinguished and whose temperament was less cautious than Godolphin's.

The Whigs, however, who had never from the first tolerated Godolphin's presence at the Treasury, were determined that he should not escape the consequences of Fenwick's confession. They were ready, indeed, to ignore the charges against Russell, and to condone the alleged offences of Marlborough and Shrewsbury. But Godolphin's conduct they would neither ignore nor condone. Aware of their animosity against him, he was persuaded to resign, and William accepted his resignation. Mr. Elliot thinks that this circumstance shows that William did not believe in Godolphin's guilt. "A minister who vacates office owing to a charge of treason would hardly be allowed to resign. Dismissal would more clearly signify the king's anger."

We do not attach the same importance to the fact as Mr. Elliot does. It is quite conceivable that William, if he suspected Godolphin's loyalty, might have thought it wiser to facilitate than to compel his retirement. And, if we are disposed to accept Mr. Elliot's conclusion, we do so not because the king suffered him to resign in 1696, but because he persuaded him to return to his old position in 1700.

There is the same difficulty, however, in understanding Godolphin's position in 1700 which besets us at every point of his career. All that we know is that, on this occasion, Godolphin accepted office with reluctance, and that he again retired after a few months' tenure of it. Whether he resigned because, as some men imagined, he disliked the policy of the king, or, as others have insinuated, because he wished to be free to accept a still higher position under Anne, it is impossible to determine. "When he retired from the government his services to William were at an end. On March 8, 1702, the king died, and a new reign commenced in which Godolphin was destined to run a great and glorious career. . . . On May 6, 1702, Queen Anne appointed him lord high treasurer."

Then commenced the remarkable ministry whose existence is associated with some of the greatest events in English history, and whose character was destined,

in the eight years during which it lasted, to be almost completely changed. There is no doubt that Godolphin owed his position not merely to the great personal favor with which Anne had always regarded him, but to the strong representations of Marlborough. On public grounds Marlborough was anxious that the Treasury should be ruled by a statesman on whose ability in raising money, and on whose punctuality in remitting it to the seat of war, he knew that he could depend. But, though these considerations certainly made Godolphin the fittest man in England for the post, Marlborough was also influenced by private friendship. During the preceding reign Godolphin and he had been allied in opinion, and — their enemies said — in treachery. But in the last few years a still closer alliance had bound them to each other. The child whom Margaret Blague had given to Godolphin in 1678 had grown up to manhood, and in 1698 had married Marlborough's eldest daughter, Henrietta. Anne, who was then only princess, settled 5,000*l.* on the bride in testimony of her affection for Lady Marlborough. And Mr. Elliot rightly says: —

This alliance proved highly beneficial both to Godolphin and Marlborough, for it bound two men together who could never have fulfilled their highest destiny by following separate paths. Each to a great extent supplied what the other wanted. It is doubtful whether Marlborough would have been so successful abroad had he not been able to rely upon the wise and prudent friend whom he left at the head of the Government in England. . . . It is certain that Godolphin would never have taken so prominent a position in politics had it not been for the active talents of Marlborough, and for the romantic friendship which existed between the duchess and the queen. The stars of these two men rose, culminated, and set together; they illuminated the same heaven, and suffered the same eclipses.

The appointment which Godolphin received on Marlborough's recommendation was "almost the highest office which it was in the power of the crown to bestow." In William III.'s opinion it was too great for any subject; and throughout his reign the Treasury had always been placed in commission, as it has always been placed in commission since the accession of the House of Hanover. Though the days of prime ministers, in the modern sense of the term, had hardly come, the lord treasurer was essentially the chief minister of the crown; but his colleagues were not necessarily chosen by himself, or in harmony with his political opinions.

The colleagues whom Anne, in the first instance, gave to Godolphin were all well-known Tories; and the wave of Tory reaction which passed over England at the commencement of her reign apparently justified her choice. But the queen had omitted to observe that an event, which she might pardonably have thought affected herself more than her people, was pregnant with consequences fatal to the Tory party. The death of her father, James II., and the folly of Louis XIV. in recognizing her brother as king of England, removed in a moment all the popular objections to war which William III. had striven to combat. The Tory party, by a strange freak of fortune, found themselves in the moment of their triumph forced to undertake a Whig war; dissensions arose among the ministers themselves; Godolphin and Marlborough both desired to infuse a Whig element into the administration; and in the course of the first few years of its existence strong Tories like Buckingham, Nottingham, and Wright were replaced by moderate Tories like Harley and St. John, or Whigs like Newcastle and Cowper.

These alterations materially affected the composition of the government. It no longer consisted of the exclusively Tory elements of which it had been originally composed. But the Whigs were not satisfied with the share which they had already secured in the administration. The general election of 1705 gave them a majority in the House of Commons.

They were fully and correctly impressed with a sense of their own power and importance. The existence of the Government, the continuance of the war, all and everything, they thought, depended upon their good-will. . . . Their service demanded solid recognition, and they were determined that if the queen would not recompense them spontaneously she should be compelled to do so by force.

They demanded the admission of Sunderland into the Cabinet. Sunderland was the son of the great statesman who had held high office in the seventeenth century. He was a strong or even violent Whig in opinion; but he had also, like Francis Godolphin, married a daughter of Marlborough. He was, therefore, allied by marriage with the two men who exerted most influence on affairs. They determined to recommend the queen to sanction his admission to the Cabinet. Anne, however, disliked his opinions, and dreaded his temper. She was already passing from the influence of the Duchess of

Marlborough to the influence of Mrs. Masham, and she gave "a firm and unequivocal refusal" to her ministers' proposal. It was in vain that Godolphin met her refusal with argument and remonstrance. She declined to give way, till at last the minister "announced his intention to resign." This intimation at once terminated the crisis, and proved the importance which the queen rightly attached to her treasurer's services.

In language which is rarely employed by a sovereign to a subject [she] implored him to alter his cruel intention, that she might not be lost and utterly undone. Marlborough's dismay was equal to the queen's, and probably more genuine. He considered that the resignation of Godolphin, if it came to pass, would amount to a national and continental catastrophe.

The queen was, of course, unable any longer to resist the proposed appointment; and in December, 1706, Sunderland was made secretary of state in the place of Sir Charles Hedges.

The appointment added considerable strength to the Whig party in the administration; but the Tory party in it were still represented by Harley and St. John. The ability of these two men—the sagacity of the first, and the genius of the second—would have made them under any circumstances powerful elements in the administration. But the influence which Mrs. Masham had now obtained over Anne gave Harley exceptional power at court. Opposed to the Whig policy, which Godolphin had adopted, he used his position to plot against the chief minister; and Godolphin rapidly discovered that his own power would be destroyed if Harley remained in office. For some time, indeed, Marlborough hesitated to support Godolphin's demand for Harley's removal. He did not wish to give the Whigs an exclusive ascendancy in the Cabinet, and even suggested that Godolphin might escape from an embarrassing situation by retiring from office. Godolphin replied that he could not desert the queen "except on a joint measure with Marlborough;" and Marlborough, acquiescing in Godolphin's decision, added his remonstrance to his colleague's, and recommended Harley's removal. Anne, however, notwithstanding the lesson which had been taught her in the previous year, again refused her ministers' request; and Godolphin and Marlborough thereupon resigned.

Godolphin's resignation was accepted by

the queen without concern. Her life with him had long been uneasy. He was the main obstacle to Harley's rise and to a Tory Cabinet. Marlborough's loss she deplored more deeply. . . . She begged [him] to remain.

Marlborough, however, stood by his colleague; and Anne, of course, had again to give way.

Nothing was left to her but to eat the bitter fruit of humiliation, and make atonement to those whose advice she had slighted, and whose instrument she had now become. Harley was compelled to leave the Government; Godolphin and Marlborough were reinstated in their places.

And the Whig policy of the war was, for some little time, conducted by the two ministers with the exclusive assistance of Whig colleagues.

We have related very shortly these matters, on which Mr. Elliot rightly lays much stress, because they form a remarkable episode in the constitutional history of England. Godolphin had commenced his government with Tory colleagues given him by the queen; he had continued it with a hybrid administration of his own devising; and he was concluding it with a Whig Cabinet. Such a complete transformation of an administration never afterwards occurred in English history; it was only possible under Godolphin because his government witnessed a period of transition from the old system to the new. The struggle between Godolphin and the queen, both on the appointment of Sunderland and on the dismissal of Harley, proved that the appointment and removal of ministers, which still nominally lay with the crown, had passed to the crown's chief adviser, who was almost immediately afterwards to be known as the prime minister; while the circumstance, that the struggle became necessary from the victory of the Whigs at the general election of 1705, showed that the composition of the House of Commons was thenceforward to determine the composition of the ministry, and that power was consequently passing from the crown to the House. Personal government, indeed, was not to terminate for many long years; but personal government was in future only possible from "the management" of Parliament by the crown and its advisers.

It was, of course, remarkable that the man who had presided in 1702 over a Tory ministry should in 1708 have filled all the offices in the administration with Whigs. But the change in the composi-

tion of the government, which would have seemed impossible to most ministers, was easy for Godolphin. The man who had stood by the side of James II. and yet held office under William III. could by no possibility have found it difficult to coalesce with either Whigs or Tories. Having swallowed the camel of revolution, he could not strain at the gnat of party. Whatever merits, moreover, his administration may have had, it was impossible to identify it with any political opinion. And it is remarkable that the very measures which Godolphin himself supported at one time he opposed at another.

The first legislative proposal of importance with which Godolphin's administration was connected was the Occasional Conformity Bill. The Dissenters had been accustomed to qualify for office by what was called "occasional conformity." In words which were used in Parliament more than a century afterwards, when the Test Acts were finally repealed: "It was the custom of persons to be waiting in taverns and houses near the church, not going in until service was over. The ceremony used to be called 'qualifying for office;' and an appointed person called out, 'Those who want to be qualified will please to step this way.' Persons thus took the communion for the purpose of receiving office, and with no other intent whatever." Such a circumstance might have induced wise and liberal statesmen to repeal the Test Act. It induced the Tory Parliament of 1702 to attempt to strengthen it by imposing penalties on those who, having taken the test, subsequently attended Nonconformist places of worship. For three successive sessions the House of Commons passed the Bill and sent it to the Lords. On the first two of these occasions Godolphin formed one of the minority of the Lords who supported the measure, although he disliked its provisions and thought them unreasonable. On the third occasion he joined the majority and secured the rejection of the Bill. The gradual reconstruction of the ministry explains this conduct, since Godolphin, when he had once determined to rely no longer exclusively on Tory support, felt himself free to oppose purely Tory measures. But the history of the Occasional Conformity Bill also implies that Godolphin had personally formed no strong opinions on the subject. Had he done so, he would hardly have sacrificed his convictions to his colleagues' opinions. Probably, however, on this as on almost every other subject, Godolphin had no decided prefer-

ence. Intent on carrying on the duties of his office, his vote was determined by expediency, and not by principle. This view is fortified by his conduct at the same time in respect to the Act of Security. This measure, passed by the Scottish Parliament, —

proposed that on the death of Queen Anne without issue the estates should be debarred from choosing the admitted successor to the crown of England unless there were to be such a form of government settled as should fully secure the religion, freedom, and trade of the Scottish nation. In 1703 the queen placed her veto on the Bill, but in 1704 Godolphin advised her to pass it into law.

Thus, in the very year in which Godolphin in the House of Lords opposed the Conformity Bill, which he had previously supported, he advised the queen to pass the Security Act, to which presumably on his advice she had twelve months before refused her assent.

Mr. Elliot thinks that Godolphin's course on this occasion was a remarkable proof of his sagacity. He foresaw, so he argues, that the act, by otherwise making the separation of Scotland from England certain, would form an unanswerable reason for effecting a union between the two countries. And Mr. Elliot can no doubt plead that this effect was produced by its passage. But a much simpler reason can, we think, be given for Godolphin's conduct. The Scottish treasury was at the time drained of its resources; and the Scottish Parliament only voted a supply conditionally on the acceptance of the Act of Security, which was "tacked" to the Supply Bill. Godolphin, therefore, had to choose between the acceptance of the measure and the loss of a supply. The former alternative, no doubt, involved a distant danger, against which, however, if Anne's life were preserved, it might be possible to provide. The latter necessitated a present difficulty, since it deprived the government of the means of carrying on the Scottish administration, and of maintaining the Scottish regiments. The queen's advisers in Scotland were unanimous in thinking that this risk was so great that it ought not to be encountered; and Godolphin — though their advice, as Burnet says, was "very heavy" upon him — agreed with them. He deliberately risked the remote danger, which the passage of the bill involved, for the sake of averting a present evil, and of obtaining adequate means for conducting the administration and for carrying on the war.

It should, indeed, be never forgotten

that the efficient conduct of the war was both the chief object of Godolphin's administration and the controlling influence in his policy. Whatever course he may have pursued in dealing with domestic affairs, there could be no question of the consistent and efficient support which he gave to Marlborough. That great general had from the first made his friend's presence at the exchequer an indispensable condition to his own command in the field; and from 1702 to 1709 Marlborough and Godolphin mutually depended one on the other. It is a remarkable fact, which Mr. Elliot would have done well to notice, that the great exertions which the country made during Godolphin's administration did not materially add to its indebtedness. The war was paid for out of increased taxation, and not out of borrowed money; and campaigns in which Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet were fought, only raised the capital of the national debt from rather less than 13,000,000*l.* in 1702 to rather more than 21,000,000*l.* in 1710, or by about 1,000,000*l.* a year.

In 1710 Godolphin fell, and a Tory ministry succeeded to power. With his departure from the Treasury the period of economy passed away, and the three succeeding years, in which no great victories were won, added about 14,000,000*l.* to the capital of the debt, or nearly twice the sum which Godolphin had found it necessary to borrow for the purpose of supporting the war during a period nearly three times as long.

How greatly his frugal management was appreciated at the time may be inferred from one or two passages in Parliamentary history which Mr. Elliot has not noticed. In 1702, for instance, the Commons addressed the crown on the past "mismanagement of the public revenue." But they inserted in the middle of their complaint the following paragraph: —

But here we cannot in justice omit to acknowledge the present good management of the Treasury, whereby, for the honor of your Government and the advantage of the whole nation, no unnecessary tallies with interest are permitted to be struck, nor more money at any time borrowed than the necessities of the nation do require; and care is taken to support the credit of the navy, victualling, and other public offices; and that stores and provisions are in good measure provided, with as great advantage to the public as if the same were purchased with ready money; which frugality and good management will be found to be one of the most effectual means to make your Majesty's Government easy at home,

and to carry on a vigorous war against the common enemy abroad.

And late in the following year, in replying to the speech from the throne, the Commons used similar language :—

We do most gratefully acknowledge your Majesty's singular care in the good management and application of the public money, whereby your Majesty's exchequer hath greater credit in this so expensive a war than was ever known in the most flourishing times of peace.

Even if due allowance be made for the circumstance that these addresses were drawn by Tory Houses, at a time when Godolphin was pursuing a Tory policy, they afford a remarkable testimony to the efficiency of his administration and to the economy of his management.

But Godolphin was not satisfied with supporting the campaign in Flanders. He desired to feed the war in Spain; to support insurrection in the Cevennes; to invade France on the west, and to attack Calais and Boulogne. Mr. Elliot thinks that Godolphin was right in these various proposals, which were resisted by the authority of Marlborough.

He had determined that the theatre of hostilities should be the Rhine, and that the armies which should penetrate into France should advance from the Rhine. He took little—too little—interest in those various projects which so constantly occupied the thoughts of Godolphin.

Mr. Elliot, at any rate, shows courage in delivering such an opinion. But he has not convinced us of the soundness of these views. We should, under any circumstances, have as much hesitation in preferring Godolphin's opinion to Marlborough's on a question of strategy as we should feel in relying on Marlborough against Godolphin on a question of finance. But apart from this consideration, we imagine that most sound judges will consider that Marlborough was right in arguing that the whole attack should be concentrated, and not dissipated in remote expeditions. The greatest general is not the man who arrays the largest force against his enemy, but the leader who succeeds in concentrating the largest force at a particular spot and at a given time.

These rival views of strategy may possibly indicate a slight and increasing tendency to difference between the men who had long acted cordially together, and who found themselves of the utmost use to each other. But other circumstances were gradually leading them into different

courses. Marlborough, at the head of the army, naturally thought that almost everything should be sacrificed for the war; Godolphin, at the head of the Treasury, thought that even the objects of the war could be bought too dearly, and that the interests of the British taxpayer, struggling under heavy taxation, deserved at least as much consideration as the interests of Continental powers. As early as 1707 he "submitted to Marlborough the propriety of deserting the Grand Alliance, and of entering into a separate peace with France."

The idea was abandoned; but two years later—

Europe became inspired with the hope that the war might at length end. Both sides engaged in it were thoroughly exhausted; but the exhaustion of France was greater than that of the allies. . . . Negotiations were immediately set on foot, and it was soon discovered that France itself was ready to make large concessions to the demands of the allies. The hopes of England and Europe were excited. . . . Marlborough himself, who had gained in the war not only reputation but wealth, anticipated with delight the moment when he should exchange the hardships of the camp for the pleasures of his somewhat tumultuous home. But these bright expectations were not destined to be realized, and those who sighed for peace were doomed again to witness the horrors of war.

There are few things in history more unfortunate than the failure of the negotiations for peace which were thus happily opened in 1709. It is usually admitted that the concessions which France was ready to make were large and even humiliating to her, and that the additional conditions on which the allies insisted were unnecessary and unwise. Mr. Lecky has not hesitated to call them "a scandalous abuse of the rights of conquest;" and there is no doubt that their proposal nerved the French to a fresh struggle, and forced this country to accept in 1713 terms infinitely less satisfactory than those which she could have secured in 1709. We are not, however, so much concerned here with these negotiations as with determining who is responsible for their failure. Coxe, in writing the life of the Duke of Marlborough, throws the blame on Godolphin; Mr. Elliot, in writing the life of Godolphin, argues very plausibly that Godolphin, both by temperament and by interest, had far more inducement to conclude peace than his colleague; and it is probably impossible at the present time to fasten the responsibility for the failure

on any particular individual. But, though there is no evidence which can enable us to determine with precision the views which particular members of the ministry held at this crisis, there ought to be no hesitation in affirming that the administration as a whole must be deemed accountable for the policy which was pursued. Godolphin was not merely the head of the ministry; he was its most powerful and most important member; and we cannot exculpate him from the blame of, at any rate, permitting terms to be demanded from France which drove the French into the vigorous resistance that resulted from despair.

The punishment of this conduct, at any rate, came quickly. So far as this country was concerned, she was destined to acquire few fresh laurels from the renewal of hostilities. So far as the minister was concerned, the prolongation of the struggle, and the cost which its continuance involved, created a discontent and dissatisfaction which destroyed his credit and produced a Tory reaction. The impeachment of Sacheverell, which almost immediately followed, increased the feeling. Hallam has declared that the famous trial has a high constitutional significance, because the prosecution "is not only the most authentic exposition, but the most authoritative ratification, of the principles upon which the Revolution is to be defended." He has admitted, however, that, so far as the ministry was concerned, "it was very unadvised, and has been deservedly condemned." At the time, indeed, Godolphin's enemies declared that the prosecution took place not because Sacheverell had preached the doctrine of non-resistance, but because he had compared the minister "to the voluptuary, mountebank, and knave whom Ben Jonson had introduced to the world under the name of Volpone." The queen had never forgiven the minister for the expulsion of Harley from the Cabinet. The star of Mrs. Masham had risen to its zenith; the star of the Duchess of Marlborough was setting in the horizon; and backstair influence was, therefore, ready to suggest to Anne that the time was ripe for ridding herself of a minister whom she probably regarded as too powerful to be endured. In April, 1710, without consulting Godolphin, she took away the chamberlain's staff from Lord Kent and gave it to Lord Shrewsbury. Soon afterwards she removed Sunderland from her Council chamber, and appointed Lord Dartmouth to his office. In August, without a word of warning, she

sent a note by the hands either of a servant or a private gentleman to tell Godolphin that it was impossible for her to continue him any longer in her service; "and I desire that instead of bringing the staff to me, you will break it, which I believe will be easier for both."

So fell the great minister who had presided over the fortunes of England during one of the most momentous and glorious periods of her history. The friend and servant of four successive monarchs, he was at last free to meditate, in the retirement which he had frequently coveted, on the honors which he had won and on the gratitude of kings. Honors, indeed, had fallen thickly to his share. The man who had begun life as a page at court had risen to the head of the Treasury before he was forty, and had since been almost continuously identified with the duties and responsibilities of that high office. Raised to the peerage by Charles II., he had been advanced to an earldom by Anne, and in the interval had been decorated with the Garter—the first knight since the accession of the Stuarts who had received this honor beneath the rank of an earl. His mode of living had changed with his rising fortunes. In his youth he had apparently occupied chambers in the Temple; his short married life with Margaret Blague had been passed in apartments near Whitehall; his middle age had been spent in the dignified but active seclusion of Cranbourne. In the beginning of the eighteenth century he moved into Godolphin House in London, situated on the site which is now occupied by Stafford House. It should, perhaps, be mentioned to his credit that his wealth had not increased as rapidly as his fortunes, and that he carried with him into his retirement an income of only 1,000*l.* a year. The queen, indeed, in removing him from office promised him a pension of four times that amount. "But the promise was forgotten, and Godolphin had too much dignity to remind her that she had ever made it."

It so happened, however, that Godolphin's eldest brother died without issue in the same month in which Godolphin fell, and that the minister in consequence succeeded to the family estates. It happened, too, that he was not destined long to survive his fall. When he left office he was already suffering from a painful disease. On September 15, 1712, he died.

We have endeavored with Mr. Elliot's assistance to trace the career of a man who rose from small beginnings to great

fortunes, who stood at the helm of State during a momentous struggle, and whose conduct is still involved in mystery which cannot be entirely cleared away. No one, indeed, doubts the justice of the character which was passed on him by Smollett, that he was "an able, cool, dispassionate minister, who had rendered himself necessary to four successive sovereigns, and managed the finances with equal skill and integrity." But then, indeed, many high authorities contend that his integrity as a politician was not equal to his integrity as a financier; and that the minister whose honesty at the Treasury was above suspicion was guilty of gross and continual treachery outside his office.

If the accusations which thus rest on Godolphin are well founded, his character was one of the most contradictory which have ever been known; for in this case he must have been honest at his office and dishonest in the Council chamber — a faithful servant in one place, a traitor at the other. So contradictory a nature is not usual in real life, and the anomaly ought to make us hesitate before we condemn. And the tribute of Evelyn, of Burnet, and of Pope, as well as the conduct of William III., ought to induce us to pass a more charitable verdict. For with Burnet, Godolphin is one of the worthiest and wisest men that have been employed in our time. Pope has borne testimony to his

high desert,
His hand unstained, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head.

With Evelyn, Godolphin is "excellent" almost as invariably as with Homer Achilles is swift-footed; while, if Godolphin were a traitor, it is hardly possible that William III. should not have known the fact; and yet with this knowledge he begged him to remain in office.

But, if the accusations against Godolphin fall, it may reasonably be asked how the inconsistencies of his career can be explained. If it be true that Godolphin was the warm supporter of either of the rival dynasties, it is difficult to account for his conduct to the other. If, in Macaulay's language, he had indeed betted deep on the Revolution, it is impossible to resist the historian's conclusion that he thought it time to hedge. We differ from Macaulay not in his conclusion, but in his premiss. We do not believe that Godolphin had ever betted deep on the Revolution or on any other cause. His reserved and cautious temperament kept him from committing himself to either king. He

stood, in his relations to his sovereign, in very much the position in which the permanent secretary of the Treasury stands to-day to the prime minister. That high official in our own time finds no difficulty in rendering loyal service to Lord Salisbury because he has rendered service equally loyal to Mr. Gladstone. He does not even find it inconsistent with his duty to remain on terms of friendship with the leader of the opposition because he enjoys the confidence of the leader of the government. And similarly Godolphin saw no inconsistency in serving William because he had served James, or even in remaining the friend of James while he held office under William.

The explanation which we have thus hazarded is no doubt at variance with modern notions. But then we shall never thoroughly appreciate the conduct of previous generations if we persist in regarding it from the standpoint from which we survey modern politics. Such a minister as we believe Godolphin to have been would have been both an anachronism and an impossibility under any system of party government. Party government, however, did not exist in the seventeenth century; it was only being slowly elaborated in the reign of Anne. We are aware, too, that the explanation which we have hazarded may seem to detract from Godolphin's reputation as a statesman. But, then, if by a statesman is meant a man who elaborates and conducts a comprehensive scheme of policy, we should be the last to claim any such designation for Godolphin. We place him as a constitutional statesman far below his great contemporary Somers; as a fiscal statesman far below his other great contemporary, Charles Montague. But as a minister, or as an administrator, we believe him to have been superior to both these men, and to all the other men who attained prominence in his time. To put the matter in another light, we do not believe that he would ever have designed Charles Montague's financial measures; but we have no doubt that he made the money which Charles Montague raised go much further than Charles Montague would have done. From the circumstances of the war, England required a great administrator, and the want was amply supplied by Godolphin's presence at the Treasury.

Whether, however, we have succeeded or not in supplying the key to Godolphin's character, we may at least trust that we shall have induced our readers to turn for

themselves to Mr. Elliot's pages; while we hope that the success which he may have achieved may induce him to persevere in his literary labors, and to devote such further leisure as his political avocations may afford him to the illustration of some other character, or some other period, in the history of this great country.

From The Nineteenth Century.

A FEW MORE WORDS ON THE HAWAIIANS AND FATHER DAMIEN.

THE Hawaiian Islands lie in the Pacific Ocean, about halfway between America and Australia, and they were discovered a hundred and twenty years ago by Captain Cook. For fifty years they were visited by no white people except merchantmen and whalers, who often exercised on the people a pernicious influence which it makes one's blood boil to hear of. The natives were a fine muscular race, with brown skins and handsome countenances. They were wonderfully hospitable, and they welcomed the foreigners almost as if they had been gods, giving them freely the best of their food, their shelter, and their daughters. They numbered about four hundred thousand. Their visitors brought them vices — drink and wicked diseases — and now the number of natives has shrunk to forty thousand. Of these it is feared that two thousand are infected with leprosy. Their constitutions are often enfeebled, and their lands are largely held by their guests; but the same hospitable smiles adorn their friendly faces, and the same simple, dignified manners grace their behavior. They bear no malice.

Happily there is a bright side, as well as a dark side, to the incoming of the whites to the Hawaiian Islands.

In the year 1809 a brown boy was found crying on the doorsteps of a college in America. His name was Obookiah, and he came from the Hawaiian Islands. His father and mother had been killed in his presence, and as he was escaping, with his baby brother on his back, the little one was slain with a spear and he himself was taken prisoner. Circumstances brought him to America, and at last to the doorsteps of Yale College. In this extremity he was taken in and kindly used by Mr. Dwight, a resident graduate. Obookiah loved his people, and soon he asked that he might "learn to read this

Bible, and go back home and tell them to pray to God up in heaven." Two other lads, Tennooe and Hopu, had come to America with him. They were all taken and educated by Mr. Dwight, and the result was that in ten years a band of twelve men and women started from Boston for the Sandwich or Hawaiian Islands, with Tennooe and Hopu as guides. Obookiah had died a peaceful Christian death, about a year after his arrival at Yale.

When the party left Boston it was said to them, "Probably none of you will live to witness the downfall of idolatry." But when they reached the islands the downfall had already come.

Kamehameha the First — a king as great in his way, perhaps, as our King Alfred — had effected an immense revolution. He had, after long wars, united all the islands in one sovereignty, and he had abolished the degrading system of caste, or *tabu*. "By this system" (I quote from Dr. Bartlett's historical sketch of the Hawaiian mission) "it was death for a man to let his shadow fall upon a chief, to enter his enclosure, or to stand if his name were mentioned in a song. In these and other ways 'men's heads lay at the feet of the king and the chiefs.' No woman might eat with her husband, or eat fowl, pork, cocoanut, or bananas — things offered to the idols; death was the penalty. If any man made a noise when prayers were being said he died. When the people had finished building a temple some of them were offered in sacrifice. I myself saw a great quadrangular temple, on the coast of Hawaii, which contained quantities and quantities of skulls. A cord is preserved with which one high-priest had strangled twenty-three human victims. Infanticide was a common practice. Maniacs were stoned to death. Old people were often buried alive, or left to perish. There was no written language."

The missionaries reached Hawaii on the 31st of March, 1820, after a long, wearisome journey; and one can imagine how delightful the aspect of these delicious tropical islands must have been to them. The whole scene is so exactly described in the following lines of Tennyson that it seemed to me, when I was there last January, as if they must have been written to describe it: —

"Courage!" he said, and pointed toward the land,

"This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon."

In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon.

All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
And like a downward smoke, the slender
stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did
seem.

A land of streams! some, like a downward
smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some thro' wavering lights and shadows
broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land; far off, three mountain-
tops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset-flush'd.

The mountains and the river are there, and the delicious streams are forever falling by scores down the green precipices of Hawaii into the blue sea. How lovely that sea is can scarcely be told. One puts one's hand in, and all round it is the softest and most brilliant blue; below are growths of pure white coral, and among them swim fishes as brilliant as paroquets. Some are yellow like canaries, some are gorgeous orange or bright red. I tried to paint a blue fish, but no pigment could represent its intensity. The loveliest of all was like nothing but a rainbow as it sported below me. Groves of cocoanut-trees rise from the water's edge. The gardens are rich with roses, lilies, myrtles, gardenia, heliotrope, and passion-flowers.

Near by is a great tropical forest, which I always feared as I entered; for there is an element of the terrible in this tremendous vegetation, and in the perfect silence of it all. The trees are wreathed with humid creepers; the ferns are fourteen feet high; even the stag's-horn moss grows taller than a man. Every foot of space is occupied with rank vegetation.

When the Bostonians reached the coast they sent Hopu on shore to reconnoitre. He soon returned, and as he came within hail he shouted: "Kamehameha is dead. His son Liholiho reigns. The tabus are abolished. The images are burned. The temples are destroyed. There has been war. Now there is peace!"

This was news indeed. The great king had one day risen up from the table where he was feasting and had stalked over to his wives' table, and sat down with them to eat and to drink. The high-priest had followed his example. The people were aghast with apprehension; but no judgment from heaven followed, and soon the tabu was broken everywhere, and a new freedom spread through the islands.

Kamehameha's work was done; he fell ill, and took to his bed. As he lay dying he asked an American trader to tell him about the Americans' God. "But," said the native informant, in his broken English, "he no tell him anything."

The missionaries had arrived at the right moment, and they were cordially welcomed. The new king, with his five wives, came to call—straight out of the sea, and all undressed. The missionaries hinted that it would be better if they wore clothes, and the next time the king called he wore a pair of silk stockings and a hat. He threw himself down on the bed, the first he had ever beheld, and rolled himself over and over on it with extreme delight.

The princess Kapuliholiho said to the missionary's wife, "Give us your eldest son, and we will adopt him." There were five dowager queens, one of whom was dressed with great state in a robe made of seventy thicknesses of bark. The white ladies found favor in the eyes of the brown ladies, who described their visitors in the following terms: "They are white and have hats with a spout. Their faces are round and far in. Their necks are long. They look well." The royal feasts were on a large scale; sometimes as many as two hundred dogs were cooked on these occasions, and it was a favorite joke to put a pig's head on a roasted dog, to deceive a too fastidious white visitor.

A majestic chieftainess, six feet high, named Kapiolani, was one of the first converts to Christianity, and a faithful ally of the teachers of the new faith. It was she who in 1824 broke the spell which hung over the great volcano, the supposed home of the terrible goddess Pele. She marched with her retinue across the plains of lava till she reached the lake of fire. Then she flung into it the sacred ohelo berries, and defied Pele to hurt her. There was a horror-stricken silence, but no calamity followed, and Kapiolani calmly turned to her people and told them of Jehovah and of her new-found faith in Christ.

It is said that a third of the population became Christians in consequence of this brave deed.

I have heard an interesting account of the first Sunday school held in Hawaii. The native monitor was found arranging the class into divisions of Christian and non-Christian. He asked every one the question: "Do you love your enemies?" If they said "Yes" they were arranged with the Christians, if they said "No"

with the heathen. I have known less sensible divisions made in England; but the missionaries took a broader view, and checked their pupil—much to his surprise.

Only one thing was taught on this occasion to the scholars. They were asked, "Who made you?" and they were taught to answer, "The great God, who made heaven and earth."

It was a simple beginning, but great results soon began to appear. The most intense religious interest was felt all over the islands. Thousands of converts were baptized, a wonderful devotion became apparent, and in a comparatively small number of years the whole population became Christian, and has remained so ever since.

The first band of missionaries were Congregationalists, and to their zeal and godly living is due mainly the praise of changing the religion of the Sandwich Islands from heathenism to Christianity.

The Roman Catholic worship was established there in 1839, and the English Church raised its cathedral later still.

The coming to Honolulu is very pleasant. The country is strange and beautiful, the hotel is comfortable, and the inhabitants—white and brown—give visitors a hearty welcome.

I received unvarying kindness from every one in the Sandwich Islands, and it is pleasant to find what a high moral and religious tone is established there. The leading people are chiefly the children and grandchildren of the first missionaries, and they have held to the traditions of their fathers.

The leading banker, Mr. C. A. Bishop, married a royal princess, who was a woman of great power and goodness, and their charities have been at once wise and munificent.

There has been some annoyance felt in Honolulu at the sensational and exaggerated accounts which have been written about Hawaiian leprosy, and it is only right to say that visitors need have no fear of contracting this disease, as the government removes all sources of danger far more efficiently than is done in Europe, Asia, or Africa. In India the opportunities of contracting leprosy are ten times greater.

Visitors are rightly discouraged, and even prevented, from going to the leper settlement, but owing to the kindness of Dr. Emerson, the president of the Board of Health, I at last obtained permission to visit it for a fortnight, and to take

with me the remedy in which I was interested.

After my return from Molokai I proceeded as soon as possible to the volcano on the island of Hawaii, and after a voyage of thirty-six hours found myself at Punaluu, where I spent a very happy Sunday at the inn with Mr. and Mrs. Lee.

The time for the little native service was half past ten; bells began their summons, but I delayed, thinking that, as I could not understand the language, it would be best to go only for the last part of the service. So I set out about eleven. When I got to church I was the only person there—so leisurely and late are the Hawaiians. By-and-by came in some tall, giggling schoolgirls, then three women with a baby, then three men and the minister. At last we were nineteen and the service proceeded.

The women look just pleasant, good-natured creations, handsome, large, fat, with a ready smile; they have beautiful curving mouths, but cheap, unfinished eyes. They lolled freely, and did not feign more attention to the service than they felt. (This was, as it were, only a small country outstation. In Honolulu I found a large attendance of natives at church, and a keen interest and devout behavior). The manners of both men and women are simple and dignified.

They take no thought for to-morrow and very little for to-day. "Why should we bother? What does it matter?" Mr. Sproull told me that a Hawaiian did not much mind even having something deducted from his pay when he shirked his work; for the man felt no poorer when threatened with the deduction, and when pay-day came he got a good bit of money anyhow, and felt rich. What a native does dislike is to be laughed at.

Their ways are very unlike ours. For instance, a white man wishes to buy a horse, but the native entirely refuses to sell it till a day comes when he wants some money, perhaps for his child's birthday feast. Then he accepts the price offered, and it is agreed that he is to bring the horse in a week and be paid. But in two days he comes back and says he cannot sell it after all, because his mother-in-law cried and did not want it to go. At a later stage he again agrees to sell, but the white man does not get the horse, for when the seller reaches home another buyer comes in and offers half the price that had been promised, and the money is paid down and the horse is gone away with its new owner.

Nearly all the natives make speeches, but with little matter in them, and full of negatives. "What do I say of Queen Victoria? That she is a tall woman, with red hair and tusks? No. Do I say that she has only one leg? No." And so on indefinitely.

On Monday morning I rode up to Kilauea. All down the mountain lie coils of hardened lava, sometimes grown over with vegetation, and sometimes with enormous cracks and rents. Two years ago there was a most terrific earthquake here, and the lava flowed down to the sea in a river. My host, Mr. Lee, told me that his house rocked most awfully, and that everything was upset. The ground seemed hollow, and a hissing and whizzing kept going on underneath. There were twenty-five shocks in two hours, and they went on all through the night at intervals.

Three lady visitors, who had the day before been elated with their unusually brilliant experiences at the volcano, were now in abject terror, and sat screaming on the balcony steps in their nightgowns for two whole hours. They even refused coffee. No lives were lost, however. The sea made a harmless bed for the dreadful lava.

It is a long, slow ride up the mountain, but when one reaches the highest elevation the view is sufficiently surprising. The traveller finds himself on a curious green plain, from which many tufts of white smoke are rising. It looks as if weeds were being burned—but no, it is the steam coming out of cracks in the ground, and when he goes up to the place he finds it both hot and wet, and crowds of lucky ferns grow there as thickly as possible. In the middle of this plain is the crater of Kilauea, which consists of a barren waste of lava, surrounded by precipices, about nine miles in circumference, and having in its centre a black, burning mountain, from which continually ascends a volume of white smoke. By night this smoke is illuminated, and about a dozen fiery furnaces are seen.

There is a zigzag path down the precipice, which is clothed with tropical vegetation. The ferns and mosses are wonderful, and everywhere grow the scarlet and yellow ohelo berries, which are in season each month of the year, and which taste something like whortleberries.

At the bottom of the precipice the vegetation ceases suddenly, and the most absolutely abandoned place is reached. What looked a flat plain from the top is now discovered to be a wilderness of mon-

strous blackish lava, all solid, but in every conceivable form of mud wave and mud flow; often it is twisted into coils exactly like rope, and there are great regions where it seems as if some intelligence had been at work to shape it into tens of thousands of huge crocodiles and serpents and unnamable beasts. These horrors must be seen to be believed in. They often look positively wicked. In some parts the sulphur has its way, and the lava erections are bright lemon color. One place is like a ruined tower, with a red-hot oven halfway up it, and a perpetual squilching and hissing and fizzing going on. Generally the lava is blackish grey in color; sometimes it is iridescent, sometimes it has a sheen, like black satin, and glitters brightly in the sun.

A great deal of it is as hard as stone, but sometimes it is brittle, and is spread out in thin folds like drapery. Under a man's weight it breaks with a scrunch, and down he goes—perhaps for five inches only, perhaps for five feet. It is best to follow closely in the guide's footsteps. There are three miles of lava to be walked over before one reaches the black peaks of the smoking mountain. The ground is often rent with wide, deep cracks, and in some places I found that it was red hot only eight inches below the sole of my foot. Sometimes the crust has heaved and broken; under it is a hollow, and then more lava underneath. The ground is often almost burning hot. Somehow it is not as horrible as one would expect—the sun is so brilliant, the air is so good, and the guide is so cool.

By-and-by a very big, dreadful crack has to be jumped across—a horrid place to look down into; and almost immediately afterwards the lake of fire is visible and close at hand; and sensible people who are not silly and frightened climb down and stand at its edge, shading their faces and eyes from the burning heat.

It is round, like a cup, and is about three hundred feet in diameter (as large as a small circus). Its rim is about ten feet high, and it is full of boiling lava. The lava is as liquid as thick soup, and of a bluish grey color, with occasional greenish tints. It keeps simmering and heaving, and then it breaks in all directions into most lovely vermilion cracks, changing into violet and then into dead grey.

Nearly all round the edge it shows scarlet, and tosses up waves which are not unlike the waves of the sea, only they are red hot, and the spray is the color of coral or of blood. Above them there is often a

beautiful lilac or violet effect. This violet atmosphere of the fire is one of the loveliest of the phenomena.

Sometimes the edge of the volcano gets undermined with its fiery caves, and topples over with a crash, and all the time a roaring sound goes on like the roaring of the sea.

And now, as one watches, one suddenly sees a scarlet fountain beginning to play in the middle of the lake. At first it is about two feet high, with golden spray, then it gets wilder and larger and more tumultuous, tossing itself up into the air with a beautiful kind of sportiveness — great twistings of fiery liquid are springing high into the air, like serpents and griffins. It really is exquisite, and almost indescribable. I visited the volcano six times, and generally saw some of these fire fountains, and the roaring, tossing waves at the edge of the volcano never ceased.

Sometimes a thin blue flame broke through the cracks or roared up through a chimney at the side. All round the lake is a deposit of "Pele's hair," a dun-colored, glassy thread that sticks into one's hand — with numberless little points. In some places it lies so thick that it is like a blanket of disagreeable tawny fur.

It is necessary to look out for a sudden change of wind at Kilauea. I had almost to run one day to escape being stifled with fumes of sulphur. I picked up a lovely scarlet honeybird which had rashly flown that way and met a sulphurous death.

My last view of the volcano was at night, when its color was nearly that of a primrose. Enormous waves and fountains of fire were playing and tossing up wreaths of spray, which sometimes fell almost at my feet and lay like red-hot snakes till they cooled into pitchiness.

While I was there the sky at evening was generally very green, and peculiarly lovely in contrast with the orange of the fire. The calm, nearly level outline of the distant mountain (Mona Loa), and the young, tender moon made a delightful relief from the fiery terrors in front of me.

I left Kilauea feeling that I had seen one of the most wonderful sights that the world contains, and I had learnt the lesson that even a lake of fire can be beautiful.

I was even more strongly impressed a few days later when I visited the great extinct crater of Haleakala, on the island of Mani. It is the largest crater in the world, nine miles in diameter, and it contains in its hollow fourteen great tumuli or extinct volcanoes, some of them seven

hundred feet high. As I watched the scene at sunrise it seemed to me that I was not only in another planet, but in another dispensation.

Except the crater there was nothing to be seen around or below me but miles and miles of white clouds, slowly turning pink before the coming sun. Above them arose the two far-distant mountain-tops, Mona Loa and Mona Kea, and occasionally there was a rent in the great tracts of cloud and a bit of blue sea appeared. The vast crater yawned in the immediate foreground, a deathly, abandoned place, but not without the beauty which almost always marks nature's works if we have but eyes to see them aright. The strange lights and shadows were unlike anything which I have ever beheld before or since. The colors of the tumuli were dim but splendid, going through the range of dull purple, dull pink, dull brown, dull yellow, dull green. The floor of the crater was grey and black, composed of the dust of lava accumulated through centuries, and probably never trodden by the foot of man.

But the reader will be wearied with descriptions of scenery. I cannot, however, end this account of Hawaii without adding some last words about the priest of Molokai. Friends have said to me since the news of Father Damien's end has come to us, "You must be glad to think that he has passed away to his reward." I feel that all that God does is best, and that therefore this is best. But I do not feel glad except from that highest point of view. Looked at with human eyes, it would have seemed to most of us that so useful and happy a life might have been prolonged with great blessing to himself and to the suffering ones among whom he worked.

I think that in the last few weeks he had himself begun to feel the desires for paradise quickened, as the weariness of the flesh grew heavier. Almost the last words he wrote to me were: "My love and good wishes to good friend Edward. I try to make slowly my way of the cross, and hope soon to be on top of my Golgotha. Yours forever, J. DAMIEN DE VEUSTER." Of course I feel glad and thankful that I was permitted to go to him. For it *was* a great cheer to him to find how much we in England cared for him and loved him, and he and I had always great pleasure in each other's company. His talk was simple and friendly and animated; but at any moment he could retire into his hidden life if the occasion arose. He impressed me very

much when I stopped to bathe during my first walk with him by the quiet way in which he sat down and read and prayed till I was ready to walk on, and then by the delighted way in which he pointed out to me all the objects of interest.

Some of my happiest times at Molokai were spent in the little balcony of his house, shaded by a honeysuckle in blossom, sketching him and listening to what he said. Sometimes I sang hymns to him—among others, "Brief life is here our portion," "Art thou weary, art thou languid?" and "Safe home in port." The lepers sometimes came up to watch my progress, and it was pleasant to see how happy and at home they were. Their poor faces were often swelled and drawn and distorted, with bloodshot goggle-eyes; but I felt less horror than I expected at their strange aspect. There was generally a number of them playing in the garden below us.

One day I asked him if he would like to send a message to Cardinal Manning. He replied that it was not for such as he to send a message to so great a dignitary, but after a moment's hesitation he said, "I send my humble respects and thanks."

He was very anxious that I should attend his church services, though as they were in Hawaiian I could not understand what was said. He pressed me to sing in his choir, and was delighted when I sang "Adeste fideles" with the boys, and some of the tunes that the ariston played. He had his own private communion in the church on Sunday morning, followed by a general service, at which there were about eighty lepers present.

He seldom talked of himself except in answer to questions, and he had always about him the simplicity of a great man—"clothed with humility." He was not a sentimental kind of man, and I was therefore the more pleased that he gave me a little card of flowers from Jerusalem, and wrote on it, "To Edward Clifford, from his leper friend, J. Damien." He also wrote in my Bible the words, "I was sick, and ye visited me." He liked looking at the pictures which were in it, especially the two praying hands of Albert Dürer and a picture of Broadlands. I told him all the names of the friends who had given me presents for him, and he asked questions, and was evidently touched and happily surprised that English Protestants should love him.

I gave him on Christmas day a copy of Faber's hymns which had been sent him by Lady Grosvenor's three children. He

read over the childish written words on the title-page, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy," and said very sweetly that he should read and value the book. He was notably fond of children, and solicitous about three little girls who had been removed to Honolulu.

Christmas day was, of course, a feast, and in the evening the lepers had an entertainment and acted little scenes in their biggest hall. The ariston played its best between whiles. To English people it would probably have seemed a dreary entertainment, but the excitement was great. Belshazzar's feast was a truly wonderful representation, and not much more like Belshazzar's feast than like most other scenes. The stage was very dark, and all the lepers seemed to take their turns in walking on and off it. Belshazzar had his face down on the table, buried in his arms, nearly all the time, and it really seemed as if he might be asleep. Nobody did anything particular, and it was difficult to say who was intended for Daniel. I think the queen-mother was a little boy.

I obtained while I was in the islands a report Father Damien had written of the state of things at Molokai, and I think it will be interesting to give a portion of it in his own words:—

By special providence of our Divine Lord, who during His public life showed a particular sympathy for the lepers, my way was traced towards Kalawao in May, 1873. I was then thirty-three years of age, enjoying a robust good health.

About eighty of the lepers were in the hospital; the others, with a very few Kokuas (helpers), had taken their abode further up towards the valley. They had cut down the old pandanus or punhala groves to build their houses, though a great many had nothing but branches of castor-oil trees with which to construct their small shelters. These frail frames were covered with ki leaves or with sugarcane leaves, the best ones with pili grass. I myself was sheltered during several weeks under the single pandanus-tree which is preserved up to the present in the churchyard. Under such primitive roofs were living pell-mell, without distinction of age or sex, old or new cases, all more or less strangers one to another, those unfortunate outcasts of society. They passed their time with playing cards, hula (native dances), drinking fermented ki-root beer, home-made alcohol, and with the sequels of all this. Their clothes were far from being clean and decent, on account of the scarcity of water, which had to be brought at that time from a great distance. (The state of the sufferers was almost unbearable to a new-comer.) Many a time in fulfilling my priestly duty at their domiciles I have been compelled to run

outside to breathe fresh air. To counteract the bad smell I made myself accustomed to the use of tobacco, whereupon the smell of the pipe preserved me somewhat from carrying in my clothes the noxious odor of the lepers. At that time the progress of the disease was fearful, and the rate of mortality very high. The miserable condition of the settlement gave it the name of a living graveyard, which name, I am happy to state, is to-day no longer applicable to our place.

When Father Damien first arrived at Molokai the lepers could only obtain water by carrying it from the gulch on their poor shoulders; they had also to take their clothes to some distance when they required washing, and it was no wonder that they lived in a very dirty state.

But in the summer of 1873 some water-pipes were sent them, and all the able lepers went to work to lay them and to build a small reservoir. Since then the settlement has been supplied with good water for drinking, bathing, and washing, and lately the water arrangements have been perfected, under government auspices, by Mr. Alexander Sproull.

The water supply of Molokai was a pleasant subject with Father Damien. He had been much exercised about it, and was greatly excited one day at hearing that at the end of a valley called Waihanau, rather more than a mile from Kalanpaga, there was a natural reservoir.

He set out with two white men and some of his boys, and travelled up the valley till he came, with the greatest delight, to a nearly circular basin of most delicious ice-cold water. Its diameter was seventy-two feet by fifty-five, and not far from the bank they found, on sounding it, that it was eighteen feet deep. There it lay at the foot of a high cliff, and he was told by the natives that there had never been a drought in which this basin had failed. So, clear sweet water was henceforth available for all who needed it.

The housing during those first years was terribly bad. The lepers had nothing but small, damp huts, and nearly all of them were prostrate on their beds, covered with ugly sores, and looking perfectly miserable. In 1874 a *cona* (south wind) blew down most of their wretched, rotten abodes, and the poor sufferers lay shivering in the wind and rain, with clothes and blankets wet through. In a few days the grass beneath their sleeping-mats began to emit a "very unpleasant vapor." "I at once," said Father Damien, "called the attention of our sympathizing agent to the fact, and very soon there

arrived several schooner-loads of scantling to build solid frames with, and all lepers in distress received, on application, the necessary material for the erection of decent houses." Friends sent them rough boards and shingles and flooring. Some of the lepers had a little money, and hired carpenters. "For those without means, the priest, with his leper boys, did the work of erecting a good many small houses."

In those days the poorer lepers had scarcely enough to cover their nakedness. They often suffered greatly from cold and destitution. They were feverish, and they coughed badly, terrible swellings began, and often the poor creatures were so hopeless that they quietly gave themselves up to the ravages of the disease without an effort to stem its progress. They presented a downcast appearance, and soon became total wrecks. When they were not disabled they passed their time in drinking and playing cards. Only a few cultivated the fields.

They had almost no medicines, and it was a common sight to see them going about in lamentable want of a few rags or a little lint for their sores. Sometimes women and children prostrated by the disease were cast out to die with no shelter but a stone wall.

Father Damien was not hopeless about the discovery of a cure for leprosy. "But, to my knowledge, it has not yet been found," he said. "Perchance, in the near future, through the untiring perseverance of physicians, a cure may be found." He felt very strongly that it was not right forcibly to separate husbands and wives. He said that to do so gave the sufferers pains and agonies that were worse than the disease itself. And when they ceased to care it was worse still, for then they plunged into a vicious course of life. When newcomers arrived at Molokai there were plenty of old residents ready to preach to them the terrible axiom, "Aole kanawai ma keia wahi" — "In this place there is no law." With the greatest indignation Father Damien heard this doctrine proclaimed in public and private, and with the whole force of his being he set himself to combat it.

Along the base of the cliffs there grows very abundantly a plant which the natives call "ki" (*Dracena terminalis*), and from the root of which, when cooked and fermented, they make a highly intoxicating liquid. When Father Damien arrived he found that the practice of distilling this horrible drink was carried on largely.

The natives who fell under its influence forgot all decency and ran about nude, acting as if they were stark mad.

The brave man, having discovered that certain members of the police were in league with the evil-doers, set to work and went round the settlement with "threats and persuasions," till he had induced the culprits to deliver up the instruments which were used for distilling. Some of the most guilty persons were convicted but they were pardoned on giving a promise that they would never offend again.

As there were so many dying people [says Father Damien] my priestly duty towards them often gave me the opportunity to visit them at their domiciles, and although my exhortations were especially addressed to the prostrated, often they would fall upon the ears of public sinners, who, little by little, became conscious of the consequences of their wicked lives, and began to reform, and thus, with the hope in a merciful Saviour, gave up their bad habits.

Kindness to all, charity to the needy, a sympathizing hand to the sufferers and the dying, in conjunction with a solid religious instruction to my listeners, have been my constant means to introduce moral habits among the lepers. I am happy to say that, assisted by the local administration, my labors here, which seemed to be almost in vain at the beginning, have, thanks to a kind Providence, been greatly crowned with success.

Father Damien is now called to join that mystical body of Christ which is the "blessed company of all faithful people," and I think it will surprise him little when among them he meets men and women of other Christian bodies than that to which he belonged, who have given their lives, as he has done, to the leprous, the foul, and the evil. All were filled with the same divine life; all were inspired with the love and the faith of God; all are counted worthy to walk in robes of white. Differences of creed separate us pitifully here, but some day we shall perhaps find that the Church's dictum, "quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus," is true in a deeper and broader sense than that in which she has generally used it, and that a great family is ours of too long unrecognized brothers and sisters.

Of Damien's last hours we as yet know nothing, but we are sure that he met his end with a holy calm and with perfect resignation to the will of God.

All that is mortal of him lies in the little graveyard by the blue sea, where one by one his beloved flock has been laid. The long sad wail of the lepers has been heard

day after day for their friend, and many hearts are sore.

The strong, active figure and the cheery voice are no longer to be found at Molokai. God's will be done.

EDWARD CLIFFORD.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

DICKY DAWKINS: OR, THE BOOKMAKER OF THE OUTER RING.

BY JACK THE SHEPHERD.

A TRUE STORY.

"I LIKES a cart colt a bit sour-headed, a' loves a bull-calf with a good brazen head, and a' likes a man with a bit of the Devil in him, and, darn ye, squire, we likes you a sight better 'cause we knows you ha' had a good bit of the old gentleman about you in times gone by; so here's your very good health, and long life to you."

It was my last rent-dinner at the dear old place, and the speaker was my oldest tenant; and though little Johnny Stranks—who held forth at the meeting-house every Sunday, and had a reputation for being "powerful in prayer," though he robbed me all the week—cast up his eyes and said, "Gently, Tummas, gently; you be a-going a bit too far, Tummas,"—honest Thomas Tiller had struck a true chord, his speech *told*, and my health went down "with loud and reiterated applause," as the reporters would say.

Happy days! Happy times now passing away, perhaps, but not so quickly as Messrs. Labouchere, Bradlaugh & Co. profess to believe. Here was honest Thomas Tiller, who, with his family before him, had rented of me and my forebears, father and son, for over one hundred and fifty years, with only the slender thread of a yearly agreement—"six months' notice to quit or of quitting"—between us, and yet he would tell his landlord the truth to his face, whether warmed at my table with a bottle of his favorite "black strap,"* or with cool morning head, as he started his laborers to their daily work.

Do any of our land-reformers really believe, I wonder, that by land-courts, or the nationalization of the land, or by whatever nostrum they seek to upset the old order of things, they will make this land of ours better worth living in, or do they wilfully seek to darken counsel, and mislead the fickle multitude? It looks so well on paper, it is so pretty to talk about that time

* Old port.

ere England's woes began, When every rood of soil maintained its man.

But when was that wonderful time? Goldsmith was both an Irishman and a poet, — truly from such a combination we do not look for facts. And if it *were* possible to root up all the old kindly relations that have existed for generations between the classes that live by the land, will it be a change for the better? Will it not rather change us all into mere money-grubbing machines, all equally sordid, equally selfish, equally ignoble?

But this speech of my honest tenant's set me thinking the next morning, as trivial words *do* set a man thinking, who is used to be much alone, and instead of talking to others, to "commune with his own heart and be still."

"Have I a bit of the Devil in me, and is there any good in him; has he ever done me any good?" So the thoughts chased each other through my brain, as I took my early walk under the old elms, among the clear songs of the birds, the sweet scent of the lilac-bushes and of the new-mown grass — in fact, surrounded by such divine joys of nature as only early morning in spring or summer bestow, and nowhere bestow in such beauty or in such wealth as in the midland counties of England. Well, the Devil! perhaps hardly a suitable subject of thought on such a lovely morning as this, but the vulgar Devil, the Old Nick of the common people, the prince of the powers of darkness, I renounce him and all his works with my whole heart, — would that he and all his crew were as easily discarded in all actions of life, as they can be renounced in thought or story! But there is another Devil — an imaginary spirit, full of daring, full of dogged perseverance — the Prometheus of Æschylus, the Satan of "Paradise Lost," with a bit of whose qualities I do not mind being credited. Milton is fairly to be charged with having given us a totally wrong idea of the prince of evil. The Satan of "Paradise Lost" is a bold, fierce, untamed spirit, with whose woes and misfortunes we cannot help sympathizing, as unlike the sly, sneaking, sneering Devil of Holy Writ as it is possible to conceive. And as, by some curious contradiction in our nature, lies and false notions take deeper root than simple truths — a fact well known and useful to unscrupulous politicians — a false conception of the Devil is widely spread abroad, and anything bold, daring, out of the common line, is often *most erroneously* called after the Devil's name. So we get Devil's dykes, Devil's

peaks, Devil's gorges, and, as applied to man, the pluck of the Devil, Devil's daring, a bit of the Devil, and so on.

Well, has a bit of this kind of Devil, to which I plead guilty, ever done me any good? Ah! that is a question, and is perhaps best answered by another, What is doing any good?

It seems generally to mean nowadays making money. Well, a bit of the Devil once *did* obtain for me a small sum of money, of which I still am proud. But it has done me more good than this. It has given me remembrances of many a stirring scene, which I would not willingly lose; recollections which bring *no* feelings of remorse, *no* painful sense of irreparable wrong done to others. On the contrary, when "Winter bellows from the north," and fear of divers pains and rheumatic aches keeps the invalid close to his library chair, these old scenes, still so vivid, bring back the days long gone by, and many a hearty laugh have I enjoyed when thinking of Dicky Dawkins and his crew, and how I bearded him in his den, and by mere force of will, by mere devilment as you will, extracted from him, as he sat enjoying the fruit of the spoils won from the foolish ones, the mighty sum of ten pounds ten.

And thus it happened.

I had so long been living a highly decorous life among squires, squarsons, and parsons, that the "bit of the Devil" in me broke out, and I longed again to have a sight of human life, not as I saw it among my worthy neighbors, but among classes not perhaps so respectable, but yet infinitely more amusing. I longed, too, to see if I could get on with the *οἱ πολλοὶ* of England as well as I used to with my old mates of the diggings and the bush; or whether a few years of living in clover, and "faring sumptuously every day," had emasculated me somewhat, and unfitted me to face my poorer brother, humbly but boldly, as man to man.

So, carrying no longer the dear old swag, but a knapsack (much too new, I carefully mudded it in the first dirty ditch), I started on the tramp from a town where I was not much known, in my oldest breeks and shabbiest coat.

Though I shaved not at all, and did not wash *too* much, though I tried broadest Berkshire by turns with colonial slang, it must be confessed that the experiment did not answer over well. Tramps with whom I wished to fraternize called me "sir" and begged of me. At wayside inns of the humblest order I was ushered into a stuffy

best parlor, with horrible china ornaments, often with fearful pictures of Boniface and his wife, — the former in his best clothes and a pipe in his mouth; the latter smirking inanely, with a long greasy curl on each side of her ruddy — far too ruddy — cheeks, arrayed in a black satin robe, — whereas I longed for the bar-room and settles, where drank the honest or dishonest customers with whom I wished to be "Hail-fellow well met!" Food that, "on the swag," I would have jumped at, seemed nauseous. I was always a good boy at my beer; but I like some small modicum of malt and hops in its composition, and their absence was conspicuous in the wayside ales offered to me, and thirsty as I often was, I could hardly swallow the filthy heady mixtures, though they boasted of four big X's in a row.

And so, with little adventure, little profit, and not much pleasure, I wandered along. There was something unreal about it. It was not like swagging with an empty pocket. The scenery, however, was England in her fairest garb of early summer. There were no flies to drive one wild by day; no 'possums to screech one out of one's sleep by night; but it was only a walking tour, without adventure, until I reached the old cathedral town of the Wiltshire downs. The only tramp I met who was in the least interesting was a hedger and ditcher who was wheeling his wife and infant in a wheelbarrow. I trust the children's song did not come true: —

The wheelbarrow broke, and the wife had a fall,
Down came wheelbarrow, wife, and all!

I liked this man; it was so kind in a tramp to wheel his wife; so unlike the tramping lord of creation, who stalks along unburdened, the woman following with children and bundle. But this man was not a real tramp, for he really was on the lookout for work, which your true English tramp never is.

But when Salisbury was reached, my unshaven face, my soiled clothes, and dirty hands made me look somewhat like a good honest rough again, and there I heard that the races were going on, or rather were to begin on the next day. So, eager for adventure, I started early the next morning for the course.

I had known the excellent landlord of my hotel "at home," as we used to say at Eton, and he had a portmanteau of mine, full of clothes, duly forwarded to him for

my use whenever I should like to make myself a "worthy man" again.

"Scuse me, sir," he had said the night before the races, "you looks a trifle travel-stained, but you'll have lots of time to get shaved and cleaned up before our drag starts for the race-course. Four horse, sir; quite tip-top gents a-going, and I'll be proud to drive you, squire, along of 'em."

But my mind inclined not to tip-top gents, and I was away long before the "noble sportsmen," or even

The Goths of the gutter and Huns of the turf, had broken their first slumber. And it was still early dawn when I reached the race-course.

Ah! how little you know, how little you see, of the backstairs, the underground of the race-course, my noble patrons of the turf ("petty larceny lads" though many of you *may* be, as honest John Jorrocks calls you), — you who arrive in your drags and your carriages just as the bell rings for the first race, and promptly take your places in the grand stand! But if you want to study your brother of the turf; the hangers-on of your royal sport; your brother in villany — not the black man and brother of the missionary deputation's lecture, nor the brother in slavery of the Radical carpet-bagger's thrilling address, but *your own* brother of this our own little island, — come with Jack the Shepherd to the course at early dawn, and see the outcasts, the wanderers, the Bohemians, rising from their caravans, their tents, or from the bare ground, to assist at your noble sport.

Years fell from my shoulders as I trod the sweet, crispy turf in the early morning. I sang, I ran, I lived my life again; once again I felt myself a boy watching ill-lated Umpire from Ten Broeck's stable, or admiring Gardevisure and Lord Lyon bounding away over the Berkshire downs. In my youth I had once ridden, by the kind permission of the trainer, the wonderful Caractacus, who rolled over the Epsom hills, so they said, like a cricket-ball, and won the Derby with long odds against him; and, much evil as I have seen from the turf, my spirit still kindles when I see a race or a race-horse. But the sight on the course at this early hour was not inspiring. Men, all shaky from last night's debauch, red-nosed and cursing; women, draggle-tailed, dirty, and wanton-looking; a few early policemen; a smell like fried fish — a stronger and more unpleasant smell of my brethren if I got

too close to them; dirty scraps of paper flying about; general blackguardism rampant, though not yet obtrusive,—and I was glad to get away and see a few nobler animals at their morning exercise.

And so the day wore on; and first by twos and threes, then by companies, arrive the patrons of this noble sport. The bell rings. I wend my way to the enclosure. "Five shillings entrance." "Not for Jack," say I to myself; but I catch sight of an old trainer whom I knew well in years gone by. I buy a card, and hail him through the narrow openings of the paling fence. He looks astonished.

"What! you, squire? what the—well what are you up to? You always were a rum un; come inside—only five bob; but, bless me!" and he looked at my clothes, "what ever," and he relapsed into good old Berkshire—"what ever beest thou arter?"

"Too dirty," said I, "for the grand stand or enclosure; but, look here—for auld lang syne, mark the winners on my card; p'raps I'm hard up, anyhow I want to bet, so just—I've not deserted my wife and children, I've not mortgaged my lands, but I'm just on the spree."

"Always *was* as mad as a hatter from a boy," he audibly muttered; but he took the card, marked it very carefully, slowly, and deliberately, and returned it. "There you are, squire; I've done more for you than I would for any blessed man on this course, but—" and then came

Some parting injunction bestowed with great unction,

which afterwards

I strove to recall, but forgot like a dunce,

and off I went studying the card.

A man—his name I *can* recall, for it was on his hat, "Dicky Dawkins, Bookmaker"—was shouting the odds. "Six to one *bar* one for the first race!" he cried. His dress was strange; his hat was tall and white, *bar* his name and titles inscribed on it in large black letters; his coat was in stripes of red and white, eke so his nether garments.

"Who d'you bar?" I shouted.

"The Fotheringay Colt, captain, and three to one against *im*."

I looked at my card. Fotheringay Colt marked. "I'm on for five shillings." I dubbed down the dust, got my ticket, and ah! bless my honest old friend the trainer! the colt won in a canter. And so on all through the day—almost always winning,

thanks to my good old friend, until the last race, and then my modest adventures had resulted in a gain of ten guineas. My card was consulted again; Maid of Perth marked for the last—a selling race. "What against Maid of Perth, Mr. Dawkins?"

"Evens, my noble general;" how quickly I got promotion!

"Done," said I; money and ticket quickly followed.

She won; but only by a short head, and I rushed towards the stand of the man in motley. But what a crowd was there!

A specious, civil kind of rascal made for me, touching his hat.

"A heavy settling, sir. It may be," confidentially, "the last comers *may* have to whistle for their money, for the book-makers are hit devilish hard; but if you'll give me your ticket: I know Mr. Dawkins, sir, right well, sir; believe I have the honor, sir, to know you, sir, also from Loamshire, sir; mum's the word, sir, no offence, I hope. A small commission, sir, and you shall have your money, sir, before you can say Jack Robinson."

Oh, what a fool I was! I have a temptation to swear even now when I think of it; I gave him my ticket and half-a-crown, and before I could say Jack Robinson he was gone—never, oh never, to return.

He was gone!—*abijt, excessit, evasit, erupit*. Gone also was my ticket, lost my half-crown.

I waited till all the crowd round Dicky were paid, and then, feeling like a most awful fool, approached the great man.

"You will quite remember," said I, "our last bet; evens you laid against Maid of Perth. A friend of yours took my ticket, ten guineas, but he has not come back."

A volley of oaths was my answer; no longer was I a noble general or a gallant captain. I was,—but "words are wanting to say what; what a man shouldn't be, I was that." Our voices rose; a crowd collected, and as I had no wish to get into a disreputable row, I said: "Well, at least give me the name of the hotel where you put up at in Salisbury." A hotel card was flung to me with an oath, and I walked away and bided my time. As I tramped into Salisbury, Dicky and his friends passed me in an open wagonette, and placed their fingers in that objectionable way to their noses whereby the noble Briton signifies that he holds you in contempt.

"Tout vient à qui sait attendre," said I to myself; and at length I reached my

hotel, got shaved, washed, opened my portmanteau, arrayed myself in my best clothes, got out my card-case, and proceeded, strong in temper, strong in sense of injury done to me, to seek the redoubtable Dicky Dawkins. Arrived at his hotel, I sent up my card.

"Cannot see you, sir," said the grinning waiter; "Mr. Dawkins is dining — never does business after seven P.M., sir."

I brushed past him. I found Mr. Dawkins's room by the smell of dinner; there he was with some dozen of the gang dining so well, and I was so hungry.

"Ten guineas, sir, if you please, that I won of you on Maid of Perth, and before you swallow another morsel," I said.

He looked at me — some of the gang rose up with oaths and threatening aspect.

"Oh, sir, I don't like to be disturbed at my meals, but sit down, sir, take a bite and a drink with us, and we shall wash out the debt; you were the gentleman who gave up his ticket, so you said — old dodge that — but I'll give you a good dinner, and your whack of liquor; but if I pay you one farthing I'll be —"

"Mr. Dawkins," I interrupted, "I'll eat with you, drink with you, or fight with you; but first," and I came up close to him, "I'll have ten pounds ten shillings out of you. Now, look here! I saw that rascal who took my ticket — ah! by heavens, there he is *now*, trying to slink off! Sit down, sir, sit down, or it will be the worse for you. Well, I saw *him* on the course talking to you; but here is better proof, he is eating at *your* table — one of *your* respectable friends. Now, unless you fork out the ten guineas, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go and swear a conspiracy to defraud against you and your gang; and that rascal knows me if you don't, and knows that I am a man of my word, and also a magistrate for two counties. So which is it to be? Ten guineas down on the nail, or a warrant applied for. Possibly you yourself or some of your friends know the inside of a cell already."

Well, sometimes brag is a good dog, but only if it is not brag, solely, purely, and simply, but has something stronger behind.

Telegraphic winks, nods, and signs passed between Dicky and his confederates, and he caved in.

"Pay the gentleman the money," he cried to a man with a leather bag on his shoulders; and forthwith I took, counted carefully, and pocketed my lawful dues.

"And now, Mr. Dawkins," I said, "as

you have made me too late for my own dinner, I will accept your kind offer of hospitality," and I took a chair and seated myself; and though the company was rather silent at first, as the hock and champagne went round they gradually thawed.

"Are you really a beak?" whispered my right-hand neighbor.

"Really," I replied.

"I got two years last time," he said sadly. "If ever I get in trouble and come before you, draw it mild, you know. There's more than one chap here would have knifed you as soon as look at you; and how the Devil you made Dicky cave in beats me hollow! so bless your stars, and don't forget me."

"My dear friend," I said, "a government that does not duly appreciate the wonderful genius of the great unpaid, strictly limits our powers. Only in quarter sessions, as one of many, can I bestow on you the wholesome dose of two years' imprisonment. But in petty sessions we can still inflict six months, with hard labor; and in spite of this excellent dinner, for which I *am* really obliged, I can only advise you, Don't try on any of your little games in my neighborhood."

I much enjoyed my dinner, which was most excellent; the wines were unexceptionable; but when bowls of punch were brought in with the walnuts, I beat a somewhat hasty retreat, fearing that as Dutch courage arose in the gang, they would set on me and strip me of my precious ten guineas, which I had won simply by having "a bit of the Devil" in me.

I am glad to say that I never have had the painful task of requiting any of my friends' hospitality by inflicting incarceration on them, *even* for a limited period; in fact, I have never set eyes on them since, but possibly they still haunt the race-course.

And so my story ends, but surely with many a moral.

First — Avoid betting.

Secondly — But if you *will* bet, you know, avoid the bookmaker of the outer ring.

Thirdly — But if you *will* be a fool in spite of all my warning, well, then, if you get a winning ticket, don't be such an extra particular fool as to part with it, except for *£ s. d.*

And, lastly — "A bit of the Devil in you" is not always such a bad thing, after all!

From Macmillan's Magazine.

HOLLAND AND HER LITERATURE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

It is at great epochs in national history, when a people has just emerged victorious from some struggle for life in which its spirit has been stirred to its inmost depths, that we are accustomed to look for those exceptional outbursts of intense, many-sided activity which have occurred at rare intervals in the annals of the world, and of which the Periclean age at Athens affords at once the greatest and most familiar example. All the noblest capabilities and qualities which have hitherto lain dormant in the race have been called into action during the storm and stress of conflict, amidst dangers braved and sufferings endured in defence of some great cause; and the quickening impulse which has been sent thrilling through the veins, and which has made the pulses to throb with the flush of effort and the eagerness of hope, penetrates into every department of thought and action, until the world stands amazed at the spectacle of multitudinous energy which seems to animate all ranks and urge them on to great achievements.

Such an epoch was that in which, after their successful revolt against the tyranny of Philip II. and the Inquisition, the United Netherlands reached the zenith of their prosperity and renown. If ever there were a struggle in which the very fibre of a people was strained to the breaking-point, it was that in which this confederation of seven insignificant provinces, without cohesion, without any settled form of government or supreme central authority, without army or navy, weak in everything save in their own stern and unflinching resolve and in the inexhaustible resources of one man's ready brain and dogged pertinacity of purpose, resisted and finally shattered the overwhelming strength of Spain. The story of the prolonged agony of the unequal contest has often been told, and has in our own times been made familiar to English readers by the vivid and picturesque narrative of Motley. It is not necessary to do more than mention such incidents as the execution of Egmont and Horn, the horrors of the Spanish Fury at Antwerp, the terrible deeds attending the capture of Naarden and Haarlem, and above all the ever-memorable defence and relief of Leyden, to bring before mind and memory the presentment of a contest which for intense dramatic interest yields to none which have been recorded by the

pen of the historian. The thrifty traders, the industrious, phlegmatic peasantry, the sturdy fishermen, of whom the bulk of the population of the northern Netherlands was composed, were baptized with a veritable baptism of blood and of fire; and they passed through the furnace of affliction to come forth with faculties braced and elevated, a new-born nation knit together by the memory of common sufferings and common triumphs.

The murderous deed of Balthazar Gérard could not undo the great work which his victim had already accomplished. William the Silent lived long enough not only to lay firmly the foundations of the Dutch republic, but to leave behind him successors trained in his school, who were qualified to carry on the task of raising on those foundations a stately edifice. It is not my intention to dwell here upon the military successes of his famous son, Maurice, the first general of his age, or upon the statecraft by which John of Barneveldt secured in the cabinet the results which had been won upon the field. A quarter of a century had yet to pass after the assassination of William before Spain, by agreeing to a twelve years' truce, was compelled to acknowledge the practical independence of the United Netherlands. But during these years, though war was being waged against all the resources of a mighty power, the crisis of suffering and of danger had passed away. The scientific skill of their young general kept the military operations for the most part outside the borders of the provinces. The dash and enterprise of the bold mariners of Holland and Zealand drove the enemy's fleets from the sea, and carried the terror of the Dutch name to the most distant and outlying portions of Philip's unwieldy empire. Meanwhile in the Netherlands themselves the spirit of the people rose, trade grew and prospered, and all the arts and accomplishments of civilization and of culture took root, blossomed, and flourished. The half-century which followed the conclusion of the truce with Spain has been rightly named the golden age of Holland.* In this period not only did she attain the summit of her political greatness, and even for a time hold acknowledged supremacy, as the first of maritime, colonial, and commercial powers, but she was likewise the most learned State of Europe, and famous for the scholars, philosophers, theologians, and

* The name of the dominating province of Holland is generally used as signifying the Confederation of the United Provinces.

men of scientific renown, who filled her academies or took refuge within her hospitable boundaries. Within these same fifty years lived and worked all those great painters whose names are familiar to every lover of art, and who by their technical dexterity and rare delicacy of finish have given to the Dutch school of painting, in certain special departments and in its own peculiar style, a character of unrivalled excellence. It was a period at once of general enlightenment and refined taste. The love of music was widespread, and, alike as composers and executants, the musicians of the Netherlands were acknowledged to be the first of their time; indeed it was from its home in the Low Countries that the art of modern music spread into Italy and Germany, and thence through the whole of Europe. The stage was popular and well supported. The Netherlands had always been distinguished for their love for scenic representations, and the new theatre of Amsterdam became renowned for the splendor and completeness of its arrangements and the ability of its actors. Such indeed was their fame, that travelling companies of Dutch players, who visited the chief cities of Germany, Austria, and Denmark, found everywhere a ready welcome and reaped a rich reward; while at Stockholm for a time a permanent Dutch theatre was established. Books of every kind, issued by a press absolutely free and unshackled, met with numerous and appreciative readers. Many of these were editions of the classics, or learned treatises in the Latin tongue on scientific or controversial subjects; many, but by no means all. The native language, shaking off the trammels of mediævalism, had in the hands of a succession of great writers been cultivated and developed until it had attained a flexibility, copiousness, and finish far in advance of the sister dialects of Germany; and a literature arose, notable even in that era so rich in great literatures.

That the poetical treasures which it contains have in later times been overlooked and ignored, is due simply to the fact that the fall of the Dutch republic from its temporary and untenable position of influence involved the decadence and neglect of the Dutch language. Holland and her tongue were alike destined to become provincial. But while the famous achievements of her admirals and statesmen are written large upon the pages of the history of Europe, the works of her poets have remained unknown, save to the very few, in the obscurity of an oblivion,

which even the critical minuteness and comprehensive survey of a Hallam or a Schlegel have failed to penetrate or to illumine.

"It has been the misfortune of the Dutch," wrote Hallam, "a great people, a people fertile of various ability and erudition, a people of scholars, theologians, and philosophers, of mathematicians, of historians, of painters, and, we may add, of poets, that these last have been the mere violets of the shade, and have peculiarly suffered by the narrow limits within which their language has been spoken or known." Yet he in no way attempts to supply the omission which he acknowledges. A few meagre details, drawn from second-hand sources, are all the account that he vouchsafes of what he has himself styled the golden age of Dutch literature; while Schlegel in his history of literature does not even deign to treat the subject directly, but contents himself, while commenting upon the writings of Opitz, with the remark: "He [Opitz] more immediately attached himself to the genius of the Dutch, who at that time possessed a Hugo Grotius, and were not only the most learned and enlightened of all Protestant States, but had also made considerable progress in poetical pursuits, and were in possession of native tragedies, modelled after the antique, long prior to the celebrated tragic poets of France in the reign of Louis XIV." The two great critics agree in their estimate of the learning and enlightenment of the Holland of the seventeenth century; they agree in their statement that this highly cultured community possessed a native literature of unknown excellence; and both abstain from a personal study of poetical works which, through circumstance, if not through lack of merit, had failed to attain a European reputation.

Oppressed as they were by the enormous magnitude of the task they had undertaken, Hallam and Schlegel were possibly justified in thus shrinking from adding to labors already great enough to try the powers of the most indefatigable student; but surely this very fact renders it the more imperative upon others, not thus burdened, to see that there should be no gap, no *terra incognita* in our knowledge of one of the most important and interesting epochs in the history of letters.

With the political history of the United Provinces in the heyday of their prosperity the world is familiar. The names of the great stadtholders of the house of

Orange, Maurice, Frederick Henry, and William III.; of the great pensionaries, Barneveldt and De Witt; of the great admirals, Van Tromp and De Ruyter, — have each their niche of fame not merely in the annals of their fatherland, but in the annals of their time. Dutch art and Dutch artists require no one to blazon their renown, for the language which they employ appeals to every eye and needs no interpreter. But the poetry of Vondel and his contemporaries has for two centuries and a half remained for wellnigh all, save natives of Holland, a sealed book.

Yet not for one, but for many reasons, this should not be. The claims of the Dutch poets to a place in the history of the literature of the seventeenth century should be assessed, not by the position which Holland and her literature now hold in the estimation of Europe, but by the position which they occupied at the time when the United Netherlands were the first of maritime powers, and the Dutch were the bankers and carriers of the world. The long lifetime of Vondel covered the entire period known as the golden age of Dutch literature, and he may be regarded as, in a peculiar sense, the impersonation of his country's highest poetic inspiration. He was the contemporary of Shakespeare and Milton, of Lope de Vega and Calderon, of Corneille and Racine; and that which Shakespeare and Milton are to the literature of England, that which Lope de Vega and Calderon are to the literature of Spain, that which Corneille and Racine are to the literature of France, such is Vondel to the literature of Holland. He stands forth, as one of the representative men of letters of his time; and no study or survey of the literature of that time can be pronounced satisfactory or complete which denies without examination the value of his work, and ignores his pretensions to poetic fame. He has a claim, whether we regard him from the wider point of view as a European poet, or from the narrower as merely a Dutch writer. Yet Vondel is but the central figure amidst a crowd of writers; and among these are some highly distinguished as literary men, who at the same time played a considerable part in the social and political history of their time.

The brilliant and genial Hooft, whose castle of Muiden was for a quarter of a century the home of the Muses, the resort of all that was most cultured, learned, and refined among the higher intelligence of Holland, was himself a dramatist of distinction; a writer of some charming love-

songs and lyrics; a historian of the first rank; a master of prose, whose letters are models of a studied, though at times somewhat affected, epistolary style, and afford a perfect mine of information to the student. The most popular and most widely read of all Dutch poets, whose writings * are as simple and unsophisticated in their diction as they are rich in quaint fancy, wise and pure in their precepts, admirable in their sound sense, and manly and large-hearted in their view of human life, was one of the prominent Netherland statesmen of his time, for twenty years grand pensionary of Holland, and twice sent as ambassador extraordinary from the States-General to England. Essentially the poet of the people, amongst whom to this day he is familiarly called Father Cats, his works are to be found beside the Bible in well-nigh every Dutch homestead. Constantine Huyghens was a man of a different type. Courtier, nobleman, diplomatist, secretary, and counsellor to three successive Princes of Orange, proficient in almost all languages ancient and modern, acquainted with every branch of knowledge, an admirable musician and composer, the writing of verses was to him a pastime of the leisure hours of a lifetime crowded with other interests and activities. His numerous short poems, at once lively and didactic, fastidious in style and pithy in expression, are highly interesting; but they are interesting chiefly in this, that they reveal to us the reflections and sentiments of a man versed in affairs and a favorite of courts, yet with a mind endowed by nature with the finest faculties and tastes, which the study and application of years had enhanced and matured. In Brederoo, a man ignorant of any language save his mother tongue, but full of native humor and originality, we have the only counterpart in Dutch literature to the Jan Steens and Brouwers of contemporary art. He is the poet of low life, and his comedies are written for the most part in the rude dialect of the fish-market and the street. Nevertheless they present us with veritable pictures of the life and manners of old Amsterdam; and his songs, full of energy and natural feeling, show that had not the dissipations and disappointments of a wayward youth brought his career to an untimely close he might have attained to high poetic distinction. The poems, published at Amsterdam under the titles of "The Merry

* There is an excellent edition of them in four vols., by Van Vloten, Leyden, 1857.

Song-Book," "The Great Fountain of Love," and "Meditative Song-Book," are alike remarkable for the varied and harmonious cadence of the verse, and for genuine power of expression and imagery. They reveal beneath the rough, and at times coarse and licentious exterior, glimpses of a nature of fine susceptibilities and of almost womanly sensitiveness.

It is not possible here to enter into any detail respecting the works of these great Dutch writers, or even to mention the names of many others of minor fame. But no sketch, however slight, which attempts to portray the leading figures of this remarkable period, must forget to assign amongst them a prominent position to the beautiful Maria Tesselschade Visscher. If but a fraction of what is said in her praise by the crowd of distinguished admirers who burnt incense at her shrine be true, she must be considered one of the most admirable and accomplished types of womanhood that the imagination of the poet or the pen of the romancer has ever devised,—a very vision of sweetness and light. She had indeed exceptional opportunities. Daughter of the celebrated Roemer Visscher, a poet, distinguished both for wit and learning, whose house was for many years the rendezvous of literary society, she daily met as a child under her father's hospitable roof all that were best worth knowing among the many gifted men who made Amsterdam their home in those brilliant days. Nor was this her only privilege. Her sister Anna, ten years older than herself, under whose fostering care after their mother's death her years of childhood passed, was a woman of unusual erudition, a poetess of no mean merit, honored by her contemporaries, according to the fashion of the age, with the title of the Dutch Sappho. The young maiden repaid her for her motherly tenderness and solicitude by the quickness with which she imbibed her instructions, and the eagerness with which she set herself to tread in her footsteps. The pupil indeed was destined soon to surpass the teacher, and the fame of the wise Anna to pale before that of the beautiful Tesselschade.

All the first literary men of her time were, not figuratively only but often literally, among her admirers. Hooft and Huyghens, Barlaeus and Brederoo, wooed in vain for her affections; Vondel and Cats with less ardor perhaps, but equal admiration, offered rich tributes of homage to her personal charms as well as to her almost incredible proficiency in every

branch of art and culture. Her attainments were indeed wonderful. The greater part of her poetical works, including her much-praised translation of Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata," have perished, but amongst the scanty remains is found her "Ode to the Nightingale," a lyric bearing some curious points of resemblance to and not unworthy to be compared with Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark." She could play with skill upon the harp, and the beauty of her voice and the art with which she used it have been celebrated by all her contemporaries. She was moreover dexterous in tapestry and embroidery work, and in painting, carving, and etching upon glass. And with all this there seems to have been no trace of pedantry or affectation in her healthy and well-balanced nature. She never appears to have been carried away by the flood of flattery which surrounded her. She gave her heart and hand to none of the poets and courtiers who made love to her in polished stanzas, but to a plain sea-captain, with whom she passed a happy but too short married life in the seclusion of a provincial town, giving up for a time her literary and artistic pursuits for the sedulous discharge of her motherly and domestic duties. In widowhood she again fixed her abode in Amsterdam and, welcomed by the circle of her old friends, her bright and joyous presence once more became the soul of the society which continued to frequent the castle of Muiden. Again the throng of suitors began to flock around her, but she remained faithful to the memory of the husband she had loved. She did not hold herself aloof from her literary friends, and delighted to exercise her talents both as a solace to herself and for the gratification of others. Her heart however was in none of these things. Devotedly attached to her two daughters, her first and constant care was directed to their training and education; and when in their early youth they were removed from her by death, she found life no longer worth living, but, still in the prime of her powers, speedily followed them to the grave. The memory of a character so pure and flawless, in which the highest qualities of nature and art were so happily blended, should not lie buried in a forgotten tomb or enshrined in an unread literature. For no one can study the Dutch literature of the golden age without being struck by the wide and subtle influence which the captivating personality of Tesselschade Visscher exercised over her contemporaries, or without himself feeling a thrill almost of affection

for one who thus lights up the often dry and tedious records of a bygone time with radiant glimpses of "a perfect woman, nobly planned."

Dry and tedious a comprehensive study of the literature of any period must always be.

If we want [to quote the words of Mr. Stopford Brooke] to get a clear idea of any period, we must know all the poets small and great, who wrote in it and read them altogether. It would be really useful and delightful to take a single time and read every line of fairly good poetry in it and then compare the results of our study with the history of the time. Such a piece of work would not only increase our pleasure in all the higher poetry of the time we study, and the greater enjoyment of the poetry of any other time; it would also supply us with an historical element which the writers of history at the present day have so strangely neglected, the history of the emotions and passions which political changes worked and which themselves influenced political change; the history of the rise and fall of those ideas, which especially touch the imaginative and emotional life of a people, and in doing so, modify the whole development.

To that marvel of history, the Holland of the first half of the seventeenth century, are these sentences especially applicable. The historian of European politics tells us of her achievements as one of the leading States of the day and of her weight in the councils of nations. The historian of commerce dwells upon her mercantile enterprise, her wealth, her East and West India Companies, her colonies, her banking system, the thrift and industry of her people. The historian of learning points to her with pride, as the chosen home of such world-renowned scholars, jurists, and philosophers, as Lipsius and Scaliger, Barlaeus and Heinsius, Gronovius, Salmasius and the Vossii, of Grotius, Spinoza, and Descartes. The historian of science records the discoveries and investigations of Christian Huyghens, the distinguished son of a distinguished father, to whose mechanical genius the astronomer and optician are so deeply indebted, and who was no less remarkable for the breadth of his theoretical generalizations than for his skill in the invention and manipulation of instruments. He tells of the permanent additions made to the science of mathematics by the studies of Simon Stevin; of the exhaustive and minute researches of Swammerdam into the habits and metamorphoses of insects, which form the basis of subsequent knowledge; of the life-long labors of Leeuwenhoek with the microscope, which resulted in the discov-

ery of the *infusoria*, and in the amassing of vast stores of information concerning the circulation of the blood and the structure of the eye and brain; of Ruysch, Boerhaave, and Tulp, anatomists and physicians of European reputation; of the discovery of the principle of the clock-pendulum by Christian Huyghens, of the telescope by Zachary Jens, of the microscope by Cornelius Drebbel; of the printing triumphs of the Elzevirs; of the maps of Blaeuw. And lastly the historian of art recounts the extraordinary fertility of this era in great Dutch painters, and enlarges with critical discrimination upon the magical *chiaroscuro* of Rembrandt, the lifelike vigor of the portraits of Van der Helst and Franz Hals, the delicate finish of Gerard Dow and Terburg, the landscapes of Ruysdael and Hobbema, the cattle of Paul Potter and Cuyp, and the varied and particular excellences associated with the names of Jan Steen, Wouvermans, Brouwers, Pieter de Hoogh, Ostade, Van der Velde and many others. Of the outward and visible aspect of the Holland of the golden age, of the appearance, dress, external habits and customs of all classes of the population, the walls of the Rijks-Museum at Amsterdam and of the Mauritshuis at the Hague offer us a full and faithful portraiture. But we still need to know something more if we wish to penetrate behind this outer presentment of names and deeds and forms and achievements, and discern the hidden springs of action, the motive forces of this exuberant national life. The works of the writers of a great past age are to some extent a faithful mirror in which its spirit is reflected, and to him who readeth therein with his eyes open its image is revealed. The pictured narrative of the historian, nay, even the pictured canvas of the painter, supply us at the best with but a counterfeit representation of the vanished past; to the student of its contemporary literature alone is a glimpse of the living reality afforded. The memories of the great men of former days are but too often the object either of indiscriminate partiality or of indiscriminate prejudice. The same man is represented as saint or sinner, hero or tyrant, according to the prepossessions and bias of the writer. Not that necessarily facts are glaringly, or even consciously misrepresented; but the imagination plays so large a part in the arrangement and coloring that the general effect is transformed, and instead of being presented with a faithful and life-like portraiture of persons and events, we

have a narrative which, to use the expression of Bolingbroke, is nothing but "an authorized romance," and is generally attractive and popular in exact proportion to its faultiness. History at its best is but incomplete and unsatisfying. It tells us something, it makes us wish for more. The figures which move across its page are, after all, but puppets guided and informed by the hand of the showman. We do not recognize in them men of like passions with ourselves; we perceive the outward form and gesture, but we know little of the inner searchings of the heart, of their strivings, ideals, sympathies and sorrows. No one indeed can adequately reveal these things to us; they must be sought by ourselves. And much, at least, that will interpret to us the spirit of an age, if that age were fortunate in the production of great writers, can be found in the intelligent study of its literature.

Such an age pre-eminently was that which we have been considering. The annals of Holland in the seventeenth century are strewn thick with the records of famous men and famous deeds. Never with smaller means did any people achieve greater results or win distinction in so many ways as did the people of the northern Netherlands in the "glorious days of Frederick Henry," and the story of what they did, and still more of how they did it, is extremely instructive, as well as impressive and romantic. Yet it can never be told in its completeness merely by the study of protocols and despatches, or by comparisons of statistics or by researches among musty State documents. These are but the dry bones of history; and he who would lay sinews and flesh upon them, must study likewise, and deeply, the contemporary literature which has come down to us in rich abundance, as a part of the living tissue of the times themselves.

GEORGE EDMUNDSON.

From *The Leisure Hour*.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

IN the literary history of England, the author of "The Pleasures of Memory" occupies a remarkable position.* He was born in 1763 and died in 1855, so that his life was contemporary with the most striking events of modern times. While still in his teens he heard of the revolution that

made America independent; he was a young man of thirty when Louis XVI. was beheaded; he was comparatively in the prime of life when the battle of Waterloo sent the first Napoleon into exile; and when he died Louis Napoleon was on the throne of France. In his younger days he was the friend of Fox, of Sheridan, and of Adam Smith; later on he was intimate with Moore and Byron, with Wordsworth and Sir Walter Scott; and in old age Lord Tennyson, Charles Dickens, and Sir Henry Taylor were welcomed at his table. It is strange to think of Rogers listening in his youth to the discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and when the weight of years was on him visiting the famous Crystal Palace in Hyde Park.

There is perhaps no period of our history more pregnant of events than that through which Rogers lived; but although like every intelligent man he paid some attention to politics, the main interest of his life was literature. Above all things he loved poetry, and wished to be regarded as a poet. This was the real business of his life; he did not grudge years to the revision and elaboration of a poem, and the popular success he achieved is as remarkable as his perseverance. The secret of Rogers's poetical reputation, which lasted for many years, is not easy to understand. The utmost that can be said in favor of "The Pleasures of Memory," to which he owed his fame, is that it has somewhat of Goldsmith's sweetness though without his strength, and that the sentiment of the poem claims the reader's sympathy. But if we seek in poetry for high imagination, for rare fancy, for an exquisitely felicitous use of language, we shall not find them in the smooth lines of Rogers. What we do find is good taste, right feeling, and, in his best poem, "Italy," a power of pictorial representation that makes that volume a pleasant companion in Italian travel. But these gifts will not suffice to sustain a poet in the fight for fame; and if Rogers's poems still engage attention, it is for the sake of their delightful illustrations, upon which his wealth enabled him to expend £15,000.

Circumstances had much to do with Rogers's early fame as a poet and with his after success in life. From early manhood to extreme old age the road was made smooth for him. In 1792, when he published "The Pleasures of Memory," Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Scott had given no sign of the genius that was destined to give a new life to English poetry;

* Rogers and his Contemporaries. By P. W. Clayden. Two vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Byron was a child in frocks and Shelley an infant in arms. Blake, Cowper, and Crabbe were indeed at that date the only living poets who deserved the name, and the erratic genius of Blake was scarcely recognized. Rogers's condition in life, too, was in the highest degree prosperous. His father was a rich banker, and at the age of thirty Samuel became the senior partner of the house, with an income of £5,000 a year. He had a brother in the firm to whom he was able to confide the management of the business; and so smoothly did the wheels of life run that he was at leisure to devote his time to the cultivation of verses and to the society of friends.

At the age of forty Rogers took the house in St. James's Place, overlooking the Green Park, which for fifty years was the resort of all that was brightest in intellect and most brilliant in position in London society. No poet, probably, with the exception of Sir Walter Scott, ever welcomed such celebrities under his roof, and Scott's reign in society as the "Monarch of Parnassus" and as the "Great Unknown," while greatly more brilliant, was far shorter than that of Rogers.

The house itself, apart from its host, was a great attraction, and showed in every portion of it the poet's fine taste. Some men who collect beautiful objects make their homes like museums or old curiosity shops, but every account of Rogers's house agrees with that given by the poet's biographer, who observes that "the general impression was one of complete harmony, and that impression was confirmed by the effect of every detail."

"What a delightful house it is!" Macaulay wrote to his sister; "it looks out on the Green Park just at the most pleasant point. The furniture has been selected with a delicacy of taste quite unique. Its value does not depend on fashion, but must be the same while the fine arts are held in any esteem. In the drawing-room, for example, the chimney-pieces are carved by Flaxman into the most beautiful Grecian forms. The bookcase is painted by Stothard in his very best manner, with groups from Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Boccaccio. The pictures are not numerous, but every one is excellent. In the dining-room there are also some beautiful paintings. But the three most remarkable objects in that room are, I think, a cast of Pope, taken after death by Roubilliac; a noble model in terracotta by Michael Angelo, from which he afterwards made one of his finest statues, that of Lorenzo de Medici; and, lastly, a mahogany table on which stands an antique vase.

Whatever estimate a reader may form

of Rogers as a poet—and his verse, though never elevated, is far from being without merit—there can be little doubt that in our time the attraction of his name is due chiefly to the friends and associates he gathered round him. We have no such record of the talk at his table as we find of Johnson and his associates in the inimitable pages of Boswell, and Rogers himself was a small man compared with "the great Cham of letters," but the most distinguished men of the century were his frequent guests.

When Coleridge talked of poetry generally, and Wordsworth of his own verse, to him the most attractive of themes, and Scott, the least self-conscious of poets, related his capital stories, and the Duke of Wellington showed his wide experience of affairs, and Sydney Smith set the table in a roar with his wit, wisdom and mirth must have joined in yielding delightful talk. It was something even to see such men as breakfasted or dined with Rogers, but to meet them in the ease of social intercourse was a pleasure long to be remembered.

Rogers gave some of the best dinners in London, but he is better remembered by his ten o'clock breakfasts, an invitation to which was highly coveted. He thought that the art of conversation should be cultivated, and considered that greater knowledge was to be gained from intercourse with able men than from books. It may be so in some cases, but the memory of what is said is apt to grow fainter and fainter, while the recollection of what we read may be strengthened by a second and a third perusal. Much, however, depends upon the individual. Books to some of us afford one of the greatest delights in life, and we prefer the companionship in the study of Shakespeare and Milton, of Wordsworth and Scott, to the best society that London has to offer. On the other hand there are many men full of intelligence and information who owe little to books and much to the living voice. Rogers, we are told, always aimed at improvement, and took care to lead his friends to what was worth talking about. "I never," writes his nephew, "left his company without feeling my zeal for knowledge strengthened, my wish to read quickened, and a fresh determination to take pains and do my best in everything that I was about."

Of Rogers's tact in entertaining guests his biographer writes as follows:—

The company at his table was carefully chosen, and men and women who met there

rarely found themselves antipathetically mixed. The table was not too large for the conversation to be general; the company was not numerous enough to break up into groups. When the host spoke, his guests listened. His good things were not for his next neighbor only, but for all. So with his chief guests; they had the whole company for audience. Sharp's acute observations, Mackintosh's wonderful talk, Wordsworth's monologue, Sydney Smith's irrepressible fun, were not confined to their next neighbors, but were for the whole group. People went away, therefore, not merely remarking what agreeable people sat by them at dinner, but what a pleasant party it was. Rogers once wrote as an epigram:—

When at Sir William's board you sit
His claret flows, but not his wit;
There but half a meal we find,
Stuffed in body, starved in mind.

And he carefully avoided providing for his guests in this sense but half a meal. The intellectual entertainment was as much cared for as the other part of the food.

Rogers's sharp wit did not even spare his friends, and it is possible that his propensity to exercise it made him many enemies. Carlyle, who knew him in his old age, writes of his "large blue eyes, cruel, scornful," and of his "sardonic shelf-chin," and his very unattractive appearance no doubt added acidity to his comments. But, save in cases of ignorance and presumption, Rogers was probably not severe at heart; and if in his earlier years he satirized his friends, so that it is said people sometimes contrived to be the last to leave his house in order that the host might pass no comment upon them, he became gentler and more charitable in his old age.

Anecdotes that may have been handed about for years—and almost every one who knew Rogers has some story to tell of him—will have lost their freshness for readers familiar with the gossip of literature.

At the risk, however, of repeating what is no longer new, the following page shall be quoted from Mr. Clayden's entertaining volumes:—

Turner's biographer tells us that Turner and Rogers got on very well together, though Rogers did not spare him. He was one day admiring a beautiful table in Turner's room. It was wonderful, he said; "but," he added, "how much more wonderful it would be to see any of his friends sitting round it!" He was one of Turner's earliest admirers. "Ah," he would say, looking through his telescoped hand, "there's a beautiful thing! And the figures, too, one of them with his hand on the horse's tail—not that I can make them out, though." Landseer heard that he had expressed his admiration for the picture of a

Newfoundland dog, called "Portrait of a Distinguished Member of the Humane Society," and he expressed to Rogers his gratification. "Yes," said Rogers, "I thought the ring of the dog's collar well painted." He was one day looking at the early pages of a presentation copy of a new book. "Is that the contents you are looking at?" asked the author, who had just given it to him. "No, the discontents," answered Rogers, pointing to the list of subscribers. He was hardest perhaps on men who flattered him in order that they might pose in society as his friends. One of these persisted in trying to walk home with him one night from an evening party. Rogers had already put his arm into that of Mr. Hayward, whom he wished to accompany him, and the sycophant made the excuse for joining them on the plea that he did not like walking alone. "I should have thought, sir," said Rogers, "that no one was so well satisfied with your company as yourself!" . . . He always regretted that he had never married, and regarded married life as the best and fittest for both men and women. Yet he used to say that it mattered little whom a man married, for he was sure to find the next morning that he had married somebody else. A member of Parliament had been stopped in Italy by brigands, but was released, and Rogers used to say he owed his escape to his wife. "They wanted to carry off P—to the mountains, but she flung her arms round his neck, and rather than take her with them they let him go."

It will be seen that some of the remarks quoted have less of wit than of churlishness. Perhaps one of his smartest sayings is an epigram on Ward, afterwards Lord Dudley, who had attacked a poem of his in the *Quarterly Review*.

Ward has no heart, they say, but I deny it; He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it.

On the other hand his friends did not spare Rogers, and his cadaverous appearance was the source of many jests, which he took in good part.

One day, when he had been visiting the Catcombs with a party of friends, Rogers emerged last. "Good-bye, Rogers," said Lord Dudley, shaking his hand; and everybody understood the joke. Lord Alvanley asked him why, if he could afford it, he did not set up his hearse; and the story used to be told that on hailing a cab in St. Paul's Churchyard the affrighted cabman had exclaimed, "No, not you!" and had taken him for a ghost. Another story was that Rogers, upon telling Ward that a watering-place to which he had gone was so full that he could not find a bed, Ward replied, "Dear me, was there no room in the churchyard?"

Sidney Smith is stated to have joked Rogers as nobody else dared. "My dear

Rogers," he said one day, "if we were both in America, we should be tarred and feathered, and lovely as we are by nature, I should be an ostrich and you an emu."

It would convey a very unjust impression of Rogers if we were to dwell too much on the pleasure he took in saying severe things. In spite of his occasional acerbity he was a man of warm affections, and having gained friends "grappled them to his soul with hooks of steel." It was not of a cold-blooded cynic that a man like Sir Walter Scott could say, "I really like Samuel Rogers, and have always found him most friendly;" or to whom Wordsworth could write, "Be assured, my dear friend, that in pleasure and pain, in joy and sorrow, you are often and often in my thoughts." A lady once told him, with great truth, that no one ever said severer things or did kinder deeds. "Borrow five hundred pounds of Rogers," said Campbell, "and he will never say a word against you till you want to repay him." And the poet spoke from experience. He was indeed wisely charitable, and delighted in helping men who were willing to help themselves. He did good by stealth also, and made no parade of his generous deeds; and there are men still living, who, like Dr. Mackay, are ready to testify to his disinterested kindness.

The old bachelor's love of children, a love returned with interest, is another beautiful trait in his character. He had once said to Lady Herschel, "I can never gaze at a sunset without uttering a prayer." And Lady Herschel, writing to him in his declining age, and speaking of her grandchildren, tells him, "Your name is planted in their young hearts, where it will bloom and fructify in beauty and fragrance when our generation is transplanted beyond the most glorious of sunsets." Mrs. Gladstone, writing a few years before his death, says, "I gave your loving messages to my little rosebud, who sends you kisses. I shall bring her to you, please God, before the spring." "One of the acts of his old age," says Mr. Clayden, "still vividly remembered by the remaining members of the groups of children who were round the table, was to say to them just before the party broke up, 'We have eaten together, we have played together, but we have never prayed together; let us do so now,' and he made them kneel while he repeated the Lord's Prayer."

There are many hundreds of persons now living, Mr. Clayden says, who speak of Rogers with the warmest affection from

their cherished recollections of his kindness to them in their childhood. It was his yearly custom to have a Twelfth Night party, when the beautiful rooms were all opened, and on the table in the centre of one of them was a splendid ice-cake, half of which was made of wood. An old lady, now in the eighties, recollects being present at one of those festivities, and how, being the youngest child, she was made queen of Twelfth Night.

She remembers sitting in state on a sofa of crimson silk, and the king, little Martin Shee, sat by her. Mr. Rogers came up to her, and dropped on one knee and kissed her hand. He was followed by Tom Moore, Lord Byron, "Conversation" Sharp, Boddington, and others. Mr. Rogers then amused the children by conjuring. More than thirty years after this Crabb Robinson said, "Rogers loves children, and is fond of the society of young people."

It would be a great mistake to suppose that his sayings were always dipped in vinegar. Some of his gentler utterances are wise and true, and therefore "worthy the reading." At a large dinner-party Rogers remarked, when the ladies had left the room, "There have been five separate parties, every one speaking above the pitch of his natural voice, and therefore there could be no kindness expressed; for kindness consists not in what is said, but how it is said." He was a great advocate for committing good poetry to memory, and said "he treasured up in his mind the most exquisite lines that he met with, and repeated them to himself as he lay awake at night, or as he walked on Hampstead Heath, and was the better for them all his life."

Rogers had more than one love passage in his youth, but either the lady proved faithless or the gentleman indifferent; and there are no indications that his heart was deeply moved. Though he lived so much in society and apparently for society, the poet was not wanting in serious thoughts. The lines of Cowper, —

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown,

were, we are told, often on his lips. And that this singularly prosperous man was deeply conscious of his own deficiencies may be gathered from a letter in which, after counselling a scapegrace, and saying that what he regards as an affliction may be the happiest event in his life, Rogers adds, "When I look back on mine, I feel that I am too faulty myself to blame

another, and have only on my knees to ask forgiveness."

Another noteworthy quality in Rogers that deserves to be remembered was his kind labor as a peacemaker. More than once he brought friends together whom some misunderstanding had estranged. Empson, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, for whom he once did this good office, wrote to thank him in these words: "My dear Friend,—Blessed are the peacemakers, and I trust you will sleep well to-night with this blessing on your pillow—better than hops."

It is pleasant in his extreme old age to see how friends from all sides gathered round him, and how loyal their regard or affection was. Dr. Johnson used to say that, with a view to the losses time inevitably brings, a man should be constantly making new friends. Friends, however, are not so easily to be won and kept, and as men grow old they are less susceptible to new influences. In this respect, as in almost every other, Rogers was one of the most fortunate of men, and the associate of Charles James Fox in the last century was the friend of Dickens and of Mr. Ruskin in this. The younger generation clustered round him as the friends of youth and of middle age departed. One of the dearest of these friends, and the most distinguished poet of his age, died in 1850, and Rogers was asked to succeed Wordsworth as poet laureate. But the old man considered that it would be folly to accept such an honor at eighty-seven, when he reflected, as he wrote to Prince Albert, "that nothing remains of me but my shadow, a shadow so soon to depart." Some years before, by the recommendation of Rogers and Hallam, Tennyson had received a pension from the Civil List, and now, supposing him to be most worthy of the laurel, Lord John Russell wrote to Rogers asking to know something of his character and literary merits. That the answer was in the highest degree satisfactory does not need to be said, and we are told that on his appointment Tennyson went to court in Rogers's court dress. "I well remember," says Sir Henry Taylor, "a dinner in St. James's Place when the question arose whether Samuel's suit was spacious enough for Alfred. But it did for Wordsworth, and it sufficed for his successor."

About this time Rogers was knocked down by a carriage and received an injury which lamed him for the rest of his life. From all quarters of England as well as

from foreign countries came expressions of sympathy, and Lord Brougham told him it was almost worth while being ill to have so universal a feeling expressed as prevailed. Mr. Ruskin characteristically would not condole at all, and wrote in his pleasant way:—

I have not the least doubt that you will be just as happy upon your sofa in your quiet drawing-room (with a little companionship from your once despised pensioners, the sparrows outside), for such time as it may be expedient for you to stay there, as ever you were in making your way to the doors of the unquiet drawing-rooms—full of larger sparrows inside—into which I used to see you look in pity, then retire in all haste. I am quite sure you will always, even in pain or confinement, be happy in your own good and countless ways.

Thanking the Bishop of London for his inquiries, Rogers wrote:—

As for myself, I am going on, I believe, as well as I can expect, being at length promoted from my bed to a chair, and if this is to be my last promotion I shall endeavor to console myself as Galileo is said to have done under a heavier dispensation, "It has pleased God that I should be blind, and ought not I to be pleased?"

There is little to tell of Rogers's last days beyond the record of failing powers. A lady relates that driving out with him one day in his carriage, she asked after a friend whom he could not recollect. He pulled the check-string and appealed to his servant. "Do I know Lady M——?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. Turning to his companion in the carriage and taking her hand, he said, "Never mind, my dear, I am not yet reduced to stop the carriage and ask if I know you." Many of his best and some of his oldest friends died not long before his own decease. The opening of 1850 brought the death of Lord Jeffrey; three months later Wordsworth died full of years and honor; then Hallam wrote to Rogers on the loss of a second son, the second blow that had fallen on him under almost the same circumstances as the death of Arthur, who lives in "In Memoriam." Two years later his old friend Thomas Moore passed away, and a little later Luttrell had died, after being like his friend "a prominent figure in London life for fifty years." Turner, the greatest of landscape-painters, died also, leaving Rogers his executor. Then Lord Monteagle informed him that Empson, of whom mention has been already made, was on his death-bed, and how, after reading him the twenty-third Psalm, he said,

"Tell Rogers that you read this to me. I read it once with him — he will remember. He was a good friend to me if ever I had one."

This loss was followed by that of the poet's old friend, Lord Denman, Mr. Pusey and his wife Lady Emily, and William Maltby, with whom he had gone, more than seventy years before, to call on Dr. Johnson, when at the last moment their hearts failed them. Life was becoming less desirable to Rogers himself, not only from the loss of those he loved, but on account of his own infirmities; and when his sister died in her eighty-third year, Rogers, who was nine years older, exclaimed, "What a great blessing! I wish I could die too." He lived eleven months longer — months in which every day brought accounts of the loss of some one of his friends, and died in his ninety-third year, on the 18th December, 1855.

JOHN DENNIS.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

RECENT CONVERSATIONS IN A STUDIO.

BY W. W. STORY.

Mallett. Have you a bit of string?

Belton. Of course I have. It is my particular meanness. Everybody has a little personal ridiculous meanness, and *that* is mine. I cannot bear to cut a string which I can untie, — not that I want it; not that I expect it to be of any special use; not that I take care to put it aside, so as to find it when I want it; but that it goes against me to cut it. I carefully undo it, roll it up, put it away, and never find it again. What is your meanness? — for of course you have one.

Mal. Mine is paper. I have an Arabian feeling against tearing up letters and destroying scraps of paper, — not from the fear that prompts the Arabs, lest the name of Allah may be inscribed upon it — not for any really good reason, but from an unreasoning impulse. It goes against my grain. This habit entails a good deal of unnecessary work and loss of time afterwards — for notes and letters so accumulate that one must clear them out and destroy them at some time, — but still I go on practising it.

Bel. If one could bring one's mind to file away all the notes and letters one receives, and put them in order, with easy catalogues of reference, much that is very valuable would be preserved which is now destroyed, and which to after generations

would be most precious. Think of Shakespeare's letters, for instance. They were of no value to his correspondents at the time, and were probably all torn up; but what would we not give for them?

Mal. John Quincy Adams followed this rule. He kept, as I have understood, everything which was written to him, and this of itself, gave him a certain power in public life. If any man denied he had ever expressed certain opinions, or mentioned certain facts, or been engaged in certain transactions in public life which he had forgotten or would fain conceal, there was sure to be a record in Mr. Adams's papers, in case there had ever been any correspondence between the two. After all, in the correspondences of public or of private men there is often much which is of far greater importance in elucidating questions, characters, and opinions of the day, than is to be found in their formal writings. What is called gossip often throws great light upon public events, and letters are a minor and truer history of the time than is contained in the elaborate pages of historians. I cannot bear to destroy a letter; nor do I ever see a person recklessly tear one to pieces and throw it in the waste-basket without a chill. Not that I know what I shall do with them; not that I have any intention of using them for any definite purpose; and, worst of all, after laying them away I forget all about them, and who wrote them, and what they contain — still, from some strong unreasoning impulse I keep them. It is very foolish, I know; but one does so many such foolish things.

Bel. What surprises me is that editors and printers do not preserve the manuscript copy by distinguished writers from which their works are printed — not only because of its interest to them personally as autograph, but because they are throwing away what has to others often a high market value. Besides, it is instructive as well as amusing to see an original manuscript by a great author; it lets one into the private laboratory of his thoughts; it shows how he worked — whether he was facile in his productions or labored over them. His very changes and corrections would show the growth of the subject in his mind, and the value he put upon expressions and phrases. Fragments are often printed in facsimile to give the character of the handwriting and the alterations of words and phrases; but these only give us a slight glimpse through a crevice into a region which we all would

like to have entirely open to "expatiate" in. There is a reckless wastefulness in throwing away such manuscripts which I cannot understand.

Mal. My feeling goes with yours in this matter. I feel as if there were in the manuscript of an author an almost sensible part of himself—that, so to speak, it is materially possessed by his spirit. There are, indeed, those who claim to possess the power of nervously apprehending the character and quality of an author's mind by holding in their hands his handwriting—I do not mean by a study of the handwriting, but by a mesmeric sense. Whether this be so I will not undertake to say; but independent of this there is a pleasure in looking at the original manuscripts fresh from the mind and hand of the writer. But does any person of sensitive organization take into his hand an important letter without a certain recognition of its contents before he reads it?

Bel. Not to go into the mesmeric question, on which we might not agree, I suppose we should all admit the interest we have in an original manuscript of a celebrated author. Yet almost no printer or publisher preserves them, while they would scrupulously keep any little gift by him which was worthless in itself. When Dickens's things were sold the other day, everybody flocked to the sale to obtain a memorial of him, and the stuffed raven brought a great price.

Mal. I know one man who showed me, as a precious possession, two American cents which had been given him by Mr. George Peabody, "the great American philanthropist, you know, sir. I was his valet, sir, and I took care of him during a long illness; and when I left him, sir, he gave me these two American coins as a remembrance, sir, you know;" and he added, "I value them very highly; nothing would induce me to part with them." He seemed a little jealous even of allowing me to see them, lest I should carry them away with me. But there are other things I care more for, and I was not tempted, as I might have been had they been a letter of Shakespeare's.

Bel. We were speaking of little meannesses, and agreeing that everybody had them. They curiously lie in some minds close beside great generousities. I have known people who would bestow a thousand pounds on a public charity, and yet grudge and cheapen the wages of their washerwoman. I have known others ready to make a liberal present to a friend,

who would stop to haggle over the five per cent. discount for ready money; not out of miserliness either. If five per cent. or twenty per cent. had been added to the original cost, they would not have considered it a moment. But so trifling and miserly a meanness as that which I saw related of Turner, the landscape-painter, the other day, is rarer and more astonishing. The story is told by Charles Julian Young in his journal, and is as follows: Mr. Leader, the father of the former M.P. for Westminster, had commissioned Turner to paint him a picture on a given subject, and the price was fixed at three thousand guineas. Turner himself brought the picture when it was finished to the house, and Mr. Leader gave him a cheque for the three thousand guineas; on which Turner reminded him that there was still 3s. 6d. due to him for the hackney coach in which he had brought the picture to Putney.

Mal. That is scarcely credible, and yet it is probably true. Turner was a great miser, though at times he could be very generous. Artists are, as a rule, I think, generous as well as extravagant; but there are some striking exceptions. Nollekins, for instance, was a notorious miser. (Do you remember, by the way, our friend who described his cat in the same terms, as "a great miser," meaning mouser?) He was as bad almost as Ellsworth, living in the meanest and wretchedest way, and denying himself the almost absolute necessities of life. Yet he died, it is said, worth nearly £400,000. What can be the pleasure of this?

Bel. Chi sa? It is quite unintelligible to me, and all the more unintelligible in these days of paper money. While one's money was all in chinking and glittering gold, there might have been a material pleasure in gloating over it, and handling it, and hearing it ring. It was something positive, and real, and tangible; but to have it only in printed paper—or worse, laid away in a bank or invested in shares, with only a record of it in an account-book—this is even more inexplicable. But however it be, no man has ever enough if he is rich, and generally speaking, the poor are the generous in this world. Some people have a pride in leaving behind them a great sum of money, and no really wealthy man gets anything like its true value out of his fortune.

Mal. Some wealthy persons seem to get what is to me a quite unintelligible pleasure out of the thought that they will be able to surprise the world, on their death,

by the unsuspected amount of the fortune they leave, and that on 'Change some such conversation as this will take place: "Have you heard that old B. is dead, and has left — what do you think? — now guess." "Well, £100,000." "No, no — £400,000. Think of it — £400,000! Who would have thought it?" "No! impossible!" "I assure you it's a fact."

Bel. Do you remember that other old B., who was so rich, and who died the other day; and this conversation occurred about him: "So old B. is dead at last. He must have left a pot of money. Have you an idea what he left?" "Oh yes — *everything!*"

Mal. Precisely — everything! All his life had been given to making money that never made him happy, and did no good to the world, and when he died he left behind him simply everything.

Bel. Who was it — some very rich man who was buying some cigars one day. When the tradesman offered him some of an extra quality, and very expensive, "Oh no," he said, "I cannot afford to smoke such costly cigars." "But these are the same cigars that we supply to your son." "Ah, that may be," was his answer. "But he may be able to afford them. He has a rich father; I have not."

Mal. I should have a fancy, were I rich, and with overflowing pockets, to give great personal gifts to friends, or even to strangers who were in need. It would be a delight to me to say, "Here are one thousand, ten thousand pounds. Take them, and be happy;" and it would be ample reward to me to see them happy. Think of being able to go into Jones's house, knowing that he is torn to pieces with trying to make the two ends meet, and saying, "There are ten thousand pounds; be happy, and let us all be happy together." Think of Mrs. Jones's look! Would not that be pay enough? I should not like so much to dole out small sums at intervals to repair losses or pay debts. That is like mending or patching old clothes. But I should like best to set persons straight up on their feet; give them an entire new suit of fortune, and make them feel rich at once. That is my notion. Giving to public charities does not tempt me. There is no personality in them. I like persons, but not masses. Besides, public charities half the time are great mistakes.

Bel. Yes; and sometimes private charities are equally so. One naturally expects gratitude for generous services rendered, but somehow it seems to me that

in most cases gratitude for past favors is a good deal mixed up with the anticipation and hope of future favors; and that one act of generosity is considered as a pledge and promise of others to come.

Mal. But, at all events, private charities do not seek the remuneration of public applause. I am uncharitable enough to believe that it is precisely this public applause which is but too often the spur to many a public charity. For my own part I cannot help feeling more admiration for secret, spontaneous, unexpected, and even odd private charities, which seek no reward and hide out of sight, than for those which are made with a great flourish before the world. For instance, there was B., who in crossing the English Channel fell in with a lonely old lady, whom he had never seen, and out of pure kindness of heart he helped her to a seat and paid her a number of little attentions, to make her comfortable, and finally, on arrival, called a cab, put her into it, and said good-bye; and shortly afterwards the old lady died, and to the astonishment of B., she left him all her money! Now that is what I call a dear old lady, and I have never failed since then to be polite and attentive to every old lady I meet in my travels. Then, again, there was the artist whom I knew in Florence years ago, who was struggling along through adversity, with no orders, and no hope of any, when one day a notary comes into his studio and informs him that an old gentleman opposite — an Englishman, of course — has just died and left him his entire fortune. "But I didn't know him; it must be a mistake," said A. "But he knew you, and it is no mistake," said the notary; "and though he never spoke to you, he used to watch you, and he informed himself about you, and then made his will in your favor, and I am come to announce the fact to you." I need not say that from that day forward he had more orders than he could execute. But this is the way of the world. Still another person I know whose ancestor obtained a fortune from an utter stranger simply by opening his pew door to him and giving him a seat. The stranger had entered the church, and was rather embarrassed where to go. The cold Christian shoulder was turned on him as he went down the aisle, until this gentleman, observing his shyness, rose, opened his pew, and motioned him to take a place in it. The stranger thanked him on leaving the church after service, informed himself of his name by the hymn-book, went home, and left him a fortune by his will.

Bel. And served him right. But I know a better story than that—where fortune played a wicked trick on a beautiful woman. She was in the theatre one evening with a friend, and the two ladies sat opposite each other in the front seats of the box. It so happened that an eccentric gentleman, who was in the pit below, saw her, was greatly struck with her grace and beauty, and, after gazing at her for some time, turned to his next neighbor, and asked if he could tell him the name of the lady in box 10, or whatever the number was. His neighbor, thinking he referred to the other lady, who owned the box, gave that lady's name instead of hers. The gentleman wrote it down in his notebook, and said no more, but went home and made a codicil to his will, leaving a fortune, as he supposed, to her, and giving his reasons for so doing; but unfortunately he inserted the name of the other lady, thinking it hers, and the fortune went to the wrong person.

Mal. And I suppose the friend gave her up the fortune?

Bel. Oh, you do! Well, you are ingenious. She took quite a different view of the matter, and declined to believe that he intended to do otherwise than he did do—and that is, to leave the fortune to her. Why should he leave a fortune to one rather than to the other? Both were strangers to him.

Mal. The old gentleman,—I suppose he must have been an old gentleman— young gentlemen don't do such things,— must always have carried about with him a sort of covert amused sense of the joke he was playing, and laughed to himself over the astonishment that his will would create. I think I can quite understand the secret fun that he must have had out of it— something like having a hidden jack-in-the-box in one's pocket for the children at home.

Bel. It is always well to be beautiful if one can; and if one has not beauty, good manners and kindness of acts are always in one's power. We lose nothing by being friendly, and we gain so much. Some persons seem to pride themselves on brusquerie and what they call frankness—which is often but another name for coarseness and inconsiderateness. A pleasant word may breed a happy feeling, and a cold word chill a tender sentiment. Truth is a great virtue; but love is a greater. Those people who are always telling you what they call the truth, are generally very offensive, and they rarely do you any good.

Mal. You remind me of old Mrs. M—and our friend H—. After making a very rude and disagreeable speech to him, when he was first presented to her, she added, as a sort of excuse, "You see, I am a *downright* person; and I must speak the truth." "Oh, well," he answered, "I, on the contrary, am a very *upright* person; so it does not matter much."

Bel. I should have liked to see her face when this was said.

Mal. What a strange thing chance is! what wonderful things are born of pure accident! How near we come to happiness, how close we touch to fortune, without knowing it! How nearly we graze death, and are all the while perfectly unconscious of the danger! Like vessels at sea, we often pass each other blindly in the darkness of night, unknowing that a foot more or less might have carried both to destruction—or a foot more or less have brought us glad tidings and friendly salutations. Had we happened to have met such or such persons, what a change it might have made in life! Had we spoken a word that was on our lips or in our heart, how different all might have been! Ah! the might-have-beens! how sad they are!

Bel. Society is a strangely shuffled pack of cards, and a perfect hand is nearly impossible. Let us thank God if we get any of the honors and a few of the trumps.

Mal. Having the trumps is a matter of chance, but being a trump is always in our power. Whatever are our cards, it is our own fault if we do not play them well.

Bel. Not always. There is such a thing as luck. I worship the Bona Dea! Without her all our efforts are useless. It is easy enough to be good as long as you are happy. The difficulty is to be good when you are irritable and unfortunate. It is easy enough to drive by day over a good road so as to be pretty sure, with skill, to avoid accidents; but in a dark night, amid pitfalls and broken hedges and earth-slides, with all your skill it is nearly impossible not to come to grief.

Mal. We all pray for good luck, I suppose, and believe in it; and yet good fortune often hardens the heart. The rich are not generally the generous in this world.

Bel. There is no apple without its speck, and the fairer the fruit the more conspicuous is the defect. We expect the rich to be generous, the pious to be loving, and the Christian to be forgiving! But the specks of bigotry and intolerance are generally rather large on the professed Christian, and the crimes committed in

the name of religion are the most cruel in history. True piety is a great grace, but the "unco pious" are generally hard and intolerant.

Mal. A friend of mine who was giving a large dinner, once called on old T., the negro caterer, to arrange the dinner and take the trouble off her hands. "Yes, ma'am," said old T., "I'll look out for it all; but fust I want to know who de company is. Is there any clergymen and them kind a-comin'?" "Certainly," said my friend; "but why do you ask such a question?" "Oh," says old T., "if they's clergymen and that sort comin', you must get more to eat and drink. Them pious eats tremendous!"

Bel. Oh, Tartuffe is not dead yet. We all of us have our pet vices, and our pet meannesses, and our pet indulgences. There is a speck of Tartuffe in every one. But to go back to what we were saying a little while ago of little special trivial meannesses, such as preserving strings and scraps of paper, and all the brood that "Waste not, want not," engenders, and Miss Edgeworth recommends in one of her delightful stories — Miss Brontë, you remember, wrote those wonderful novels of hers on the backs of old letters and scraps of paper, and Pope had the same peculiarity. Longfellow also wrote the "Psalm of Life" on the back of an old letter.

Mal. Oh, that was not from meanness, and I sympathize with her entirely. A great blank sheet of white paper alarms me; and as for writing freely in a beautifully bound book, I cannot do it. A fair white sheet of fine pressed paper seems to demand of you a certain deliberation and caution, and engenders a certain formality of style and precision of expression; while on a scrap of paper one may give vent to one's thoughts, and let them flow as they come. I cannot divest myself of a feeling that I must put on company literary manners when the white sheet is before me. It seems to expect and exact them, and to scrawl upon it seems to be bad manners. With the old back of a letter one is in one's slippers; one may be foolish, and familiar, and natural. It is the same about drawing, with me. I like to draw on accidental pieces of paper, and not to have everything trim, and exact, and requiring. I repeat, the root of this feeling is meanness. It troubles me when I see anybody carelessly seize a sheet of paper to scribble on, or make calculations on, and then throw it away as if it were of no consequence. And when I am asked

to write in an album, I feel as conscious and unnatural as if I were going to sit for my photograph.

Bel. You know X—. Well, the other day a friend met him, and was so struck by a certain unnaturalness of look, expression, and bearing, that he said, "Is there anything the matter with you?" "Oh no," was the answer; "I am only going to have my photograph taken!"

Mal. Under such an infliction as that, how can one be natural and unaffected?

Bel. It is almost as trying as being called upon suddenly to make an after-dinner speech, which is the most fearful imposition that can be laid on man.

Mal. Ah, that is perfectly stultifying! When one knows that this horrible trick is to be played upon one, existence is miserable until it is over. How grimly one smiles and pretends to be at his ease, and jerks out spasmodic talk at intervals, and then falls back into himself, and roams up and down the empty chambers of his brain in search of an idea, or goes over and over in his memory the phrases he has shaped, and which keep eluding the grasp! It is like the hour before being hanged. How he envies the friend at his side who has gone through the ordeal, and smiles now after it is over, or who is not to be called upon!

Bel. Ay, but there are some persons whose greatest pleasure is in making speeches, who are only happy when they are on their feet uttering platitudes in a pompous voice, and expecting, nay demanding, applause for stale jokes and inevitable puns.

Mal. What bores such people are! Or is it because we envy their facility that we hate them so?

Bel. Is there any engine of social oppression more terrible than speechifying? When shall we abolish it? We used to let a man off with a toast, a sentiment, or a song — but *nous avons changé tout cela*. There was something very absurd in the old sentiments which used to be given — the Joseph Surface sentiments which so pleased our grandfathers. But even these were better than our modern speechifying. They were at all events short, and one could prepare them and commit them to memory, so as to have them ready for any occasion.

Mal. We were talking the other day about the artificial jargon of poets at the end of the last century and the beginning of the present, and priding ourselves on our superiority. But this morning I met with a poem, cited with approbation in a

leading newspaper of England, which I think in its way, though different in style, is quite worthy of anything our grandfathers ever wrote. Listen, and see if you can make anything out of these lines, —

It was a place so dreamy brown,
Pensive with sheep-bells under the down,
Scent dreamy wild with a windy crown.

These were said to be "decidedly pleasing."

Bel. Well, are they not?

Mal. Yes, very pleasing; but do they mean anything? What is a "scent dreamy wild with a windy crown"?

Bel. *Chi lo sa?* Something very charming undoubtedly. But why "windy crown"?

Mal. Oh! "windy" is a favorite word with some of our modern poets. What is meant by it sometimes I do not precisely know. I only know that some of the poems in which it occurs are admirably characterized by the word.

Bel. What do you think of this? "Saddle-fast in a good ship it is good sport to flatter the mane of the huge *destrier* Oceanus."

Mal. I shall introduce it into my next after-dinner speech on board ship. It is a great deal better than your quotation from Johnson: "Let observation with extensive view." It is in what you may call a grand swelling style. But where did you find it?

Bel. No matter where; it occurs in the pages of an author of talent of the present day. I will not give you his name.

Mal. You invented it.

Bel. I did not. I could pick you out a good many nearly as good from the same author, but this struck me as being what is called nowadays "a gem." I wish to give it an appropriate setting.

Mal. Why "*destrier*"?

Bel. There is nothing so fine in English.

Mal. We are not only getting into the habit of using French words, but also of translating French phrases into our English; for instance, there is scarcely a paper I take up which does not inform us that something has been "definitively arranged" — meaning, of course, "definitely" or "finally" settled; or that something "goes without saying" — where it goes we are not told.

Bel. Yes. And we now never say anything — we intimate it. Mr. Jones boldly says to Smith at supper: "If you say that again, I'll knock you down." But the newspapers report that he intimated

an intention to prostrate his opponent. Jones also adds that Smith is a blackguard and a rascal. Smith's friend says that "Jones *alluded* to him as not being honorable in his conduct." Brown, wishing to know who began this, asks, "By whom was this *initiated*?" Smith's friend replies that it was *initiated* by Jones, and that the controversy lasted the *balance* of the night, and was then *definitively settled* by an apology. Brown then asks where the parties are "stopping" now — meaning to ask where the two persons are staying, for nobody now stays in a place, he "stops;" and Smith's friend "intimates" that it has "transpired" that they are in Green's hotel, and that Smith has "extended an invitation" to Jones to dinner, and that thus the "difficulty" has been "definitively arranged." But in the newspaper account of it the writer says, "An outrage which at first sight seems almost incredible, has just been ventilated by special inquiry."

Mal. No; that last is impossible.

Bel. I quote it exactly from a paper of to-day.

Mal. This is too bad. Well, I know not whether it is worse than the euphuism of some modern authors. Everything now is "supreme" with certain writers. It is a "supreme" day; a "supreme" satisfaction; a "supreme" poem. I read the other day a critique of some pictures in which it was said that "the preciousness of these examples is not alone in the design or other more finely intellectual elements, but in the gorgeous superlative technique." And speaking of one picture, it is described as having "full-formed lips, purplish now, but ruddy formerly, and once moulded by potentialities of passion," and as being "a transcendent success."

Bel. Nothing happens or occurs now — it "transpires." "A number of cases" I read the other day "had transpired," and all I can say is that I hope they feel better after transpiring. We now *inaugurate* everything that we do not *initiate*, apparently without the least idea of what the words really mean. We commence, but we rarely begin. We give ovations to persons, not meaning rotten eggs. We "open up" everything; but why up? Soon we shall open up a door, or house. "To the general reader this volume," we are told by a late writer in what is called a "prominent" English newspaper or journal, "will open *up* a storehouse of new ideas." A newspaper is called an "issue," and I wish sometimes it could be

healed. "Notably" is constantly used for "for instance" — everything is a "note" of something, whether the note is do, re, mi, fa, sol, or la, is not said. Then we have "recitals" of music on a pianoforte, and next, I suppose, we shall play pictures on a canvas. "Trouble" is also used in a new way. "Do not trouble about it." Trouble whom, or trouble what? The best writers in England also say "different to," instead of "different from." We "endorse" everything. "There is no need," says a late writer, "to endorse the fancy that Shakespeare may have been a law clerk." Think of endorsing a fancy!

Mal. I find also in many modern English books the vulgarism of "whatever" and "wherever" used for "what" and "where;" as, "Wherever is he going?" "Whatever is he doing?" — for "Where is he going?" and "What is he doing?" Can anything be more vulgar?

Bel. It is senseless as well as vulgar. I am sorry, too, to see that the improper American use of the word "quite" is now coming into vogue in England. Mr. Henry Kingsley, for instance, says in his novel of "The Harveys," "I had been quite a long time at school, and had never once asked him to come to our dingy house." What is quite a long time? Quite means entirely — completely. What is completely or entirely a long time?

Mal. They have not in England gone so far as to accept the phrase of "quite a number of persons" which I see in every American newspaper and book. What is quite a number? Is not one number as much of a number as another?

Bel. Also the Americans have entirely altered the meaning of the word. When they say, for instance, that any one is quite well, they mean he is not quite or entirely well, but only tolerably well.

Mal. One of the oddest phrases used in America, and one which is not justified by the usage of the best writers of English, is, "I don't feel like going, or doing something," for "I don't feel inclined to go, or do something." You may feel like a thing or a person, but how can you feel like an action? You may feel like a fool, or an ass, or a stick, possibly; but how can you feel like a doing or a going?

Bel. It is, nevertheless, universal in America.

Mal. I remember being startled by what struck me as an extraordinary and ludicrous use of this phrase. I had just arrived in America, and was taking my breakfast in the breakfast-room of the hotel, when a pretty woman came in with

a little child, and seated herself near me. The child had no appetite, and refused, in a whining voice, everything that was offered to it. The mother apparently was disturbed by this, and at last relapsed into silence for a few minutes. Then suddenly she turned to the child, and said, "Well, don't you feel like beefsteak?"

Bel. Feel like beefsteak! That was good. It is better than the singular epithet I once heard an American lady apply to a fish at a *table d'hôte*. When it was placed on the table, she turned to her husband, and exclaimed, "What an elegant fish!"

Mal. Odder still is the American use of love for like. They love beef and potatoes; and they like their friends.

Bel. I beg your pardon. They "perfectly love" beef, I admit, but persons are "perfectly sweet and lovely" too. Think of a "perfectly sweet and lovely" man, or a man who, besides being "perfectly fascinating," is also "just as sweet and lovely as he can be;" and I know not how many times I have heard that phrase.

Mal. Do you mean to suggest that the Americans have not a right to use the English language as they choose?

Bel. If I dared to do so, I should. But I don't dare to do this; I have been so often abused for such a suggestion.

Mal. The Americans are a great people, sir. Do you know there are over fifty millions of persons in America?

Bel. Yes, I've heard all that; and I "perfectly love" them all. But if my dearest friend has a wart on his nose, I can't help seeing it.

Mal. But you need not mention it.

Bel. No, because he can't get rid of it; but he can rid himself of bad grammar, and bad English, and bad spelling.

Mal. Well, the English use as much slang as the Americans.

Bel. Suppose they do; what then? Are they not to be reproved for it? or do they answer that they have a right to do as they please with their language, since it is theirs? No; the English language belongs to neither Americans nor English to abuse and maltreat. It is the noblest of all languages, in my opinion; the richest, the freest, the most ductile; and it is painful to see it so abused as it often is in both countries.

Mal. You cannot expect a language not to grow and to change, unless it is a dead language.

Bel. I wish it to grow, but not to be corrupted and tampered with. No other

peoples play such pranks with their language as we do. The French and Italians, for instance, jealously protect theirs from the invasions of ignorance and vulgarity, and study to keep them in their perfection; but we open our doors, and let in tramps from anywhere. The literary class formerly was small and select. Nowadays everybody writes and prints. At the close of the last century, the distinction between writing and speaking was very great, and the literary style for the most part was conscious, artificial, and labored. Now we have gone to the opposite extreme of carelessness, and phrases which scarcely can be tolerated even in speech are thought worthy of print. We mistake slipshod for ease, and the English language is losing its vigor and idiomatic form under the influence of daily scribblers. Foreign adventurers are freely admitted into the best company. Foreign idioms and slang are accepted and adopted to the exclusion of the staid graces of the old English tongue. In protest against this tendency, euphuism has come forward with as many bows and grimaces and elaborations, as Osric when he conveyed the challenge to Hamlet. This new school of overfine elaboration in England, is to my mind as bad as the careless commonness of America. I do not refer to the American authorities, who really strive in their writings to avoid the carelessness so generally shown by their countrymen in speech, and who not only aim at correctness and style, but often succeed in attaining it. Some of the American writers, indeed, may be held up as models of pure English style. But why should they not speak as well as they write?

Mal. Oh! we speak the language we constantly hear—and of course every one writes more carefully than he speaks. We catch phrases, expressions, intonations, utterances, without our will, unconsciously, as we do the scarlet fever and measles. It is impossible to resist it. But when we write we express ourselves more deliberately and consciously. But I agree with you in what you were saying of the new euphuistic school of England. When I read that a poet is not, "as the popular notion tends too much to supposing, a mere vague idealist," when he has "no indeterminate magnitudes of the natural world to spatiate in," I feel as if the author had put on over his slipshod rags some of the cast-off finery of Lyly's wardrobe, that we of this age, as well as Shakespeare, only laugh at.

Bel. Art has to suffer from the fantastic diction of this school of so-called æsthetic writing more than any other subject. When I read of the "sustained treble of a Limoges plate," I seem to be in a limbo of languages where nothing is real, and only ghosts of ideas are fluttering about me. It is, as Holofernes says, "Too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it."

Mal. "A most singular and choice epithet." Go on.

Bel. "They draw out the thread of their verbosity finer than the staple of their argument." Go on.

Mal. "They seem to have been at a general feast of languages and stolen the scraps."

Bel. Let us, however, take care what we say, and let no one hear us, or "we shall be infamized among potentates." As for myself, I point at no one in particular. ("God beware," as my German friend said.) Far be it from me to do such wrong. "I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and will right myself like a soldier." But enough of Don Armado; and I fear I sin myself in the way of swelling. I can strut on occasion with the best of them.

Mal. In the English pulpit a peculiar sacredness seems to attach itself to certain methods of pronunciation which are never heard in common speech. To have *sin-nēd* and *err-ēd* seems to be more terrible than shortly to have *sinned* and *erred*; and the *Charrch* to be something more sacred than the *Church*. Why is this affectation of pronouncing all the perfect participles as dissyllables, with such emphasis?

Bel. "They somewhat affect the letter because it argues piety," with Holofernes.

Mal. A certain set is now striving to introduce a radical change in spelling, so as to conform the spelling to the pronunciation. Where would there be a limit to this were it admitted? Would it not be better to try to pronounce as we spell? At least it would be more practicable. The fact is, that we begin by mispronouncing, and end by misspelling. For instance, the final syllables of all words ending in *sion* or *tion* we now pronounce as if they were written *shun* or *shon*. Shall we alter the speaking of all these words? Shall we write *passion*, *pashon*, and knock the *i* out of fashion? Formerly all these final syllables in *ion* were pronounced and emphasized; so was the *i* in such words as should and would. Shall

we leave the *i* out now because we have ceased to pronounce it? But it is useless to instance particular words, — the whole English language as a written language would disappear. I cannot say that Dr. Noah Webster's changes approve themselves to my mind. Why *honor* and *favor*? These words were not brought into English from the Latin, but from the Norman, and they were not only spelled *honour* and *favour*, but the stress of the accent was on the final syllable in the early poets. Besides, the eye of the reader ought to be pleased as well as the ear; and to my eye there is greater grace in *favour* than in *favor*, which to the eye is hard and ancient. Again, we do not so pronounce the word. If we follow pronunciation, we should strike out the *o* and not the *u*, or leave out the *h* and spell it *owner* or *onur*. How does that look? All its ancestry is gone, all its glory is departed. Why not also spell *courtesy*, *curtesy*?

Bel. Why not?

Mal. Because all its courtesy is gone to the eye, and it is *curt* instead of *courtly*. Why *theater*? Have we gained anything by transposing the *e* and the *r*?

Bel. What would you do with the terminations in *ough*?

Mal. Let them alone. It is in no human power, without overthrowing and ruining the language, to spell English as it is pronounced. We know how to pronounce it, and that is enough. I don't care how difficult English is to foreigners or children, — it was not made for them. As for those words in *ough*, about which such a point is made, they were all rightly spelled according to the old pronunciation, and were all guttural in Chaucer's time. Let these words alone — they have a history; or, if you will change, change your pronunciation. I find *mould* now almost universally spelled *mold* in America, and nothing irritates me more. And why is this? Because, forsooth, we so write *gold* and *hold*, etc., as if they properly should have the same pronunciation. Surely they should not. *Gold* is short; *mould* is long. You hear the *u*, or ought to hear it, in the latter, but certainly not in the former. Let us try to pronounce both words properly, and the difference is at once felt. If we do not feel it, we either mispronounce, or our ear is very far from fine. But I suppose persons who pronounce Boston as if it were spelled Baust'n, would scarcely heed the difference. You see I spare you the derivation and ancestry of the word, though that is enough to me.

Bel. If we are to change the spelling, let us take back some of the old. There are words that I should like to see changed. For instance, *messenger* seems to me far better and more accurate than *messenger*, and *passager* than *passenger*, and *parlament* or *parlement* than *parliament*. What business has the *i* in this last word? It exists in no other language, and is not pronounced in ours, and, besides, is a modern misspelling. *Message* and *passage* naturally make *messenger* and *passager*, and are so spelled by Chaucer. The *en* was substituted for the *a* at a later period by the new spellers, who ignorantly thought they were doing good work. So also, I think, we should spell *virtualler*, *vitailler*. We so pronounce it, and Chaucer so wrote it. So, too, I should like to take back some of the old words which we have lost, such as *gaylard*, which corresponds to the French *gaillard*, — you remember Chaucer's prentice in "The Coke's Tale" — "Gaylard he was as goldfynch in the schaine," — and *camois* for *hooked*. So *yoxeth* seems to me far better than *hiccups* or *hiccoughs*. Then, again, it seems to me a great pity to have lost such plural forms as *eyen* for *eyes*. We still say *oxen*, not *oxes*. *Silvern*, too, is better than *silver*, not only for sound's sake, but as distinguishing the adjective from the substantive. We have *brasen*, *golden*, why not *silvern*? One of the defects of our language is its excess of sibilants, and the plurals in *en* please my ear and eye. Would "dearly beloved brothers" sound as well as "brethren"? For instance, —

With camois nose and eyen grey as glass.

So, too, I confess to liking *withouten* better than *without*, and *asken* in the plural instead of *ask*, — perhaps because they are associated in my mind with that pathetic and exquisite passage of "The Knight's Tale" in Chaucer, —

What asken men to have
Now with his love, now in his coldē grave
Alone, withouten any companie.

Mal. What an exquisite passage that is! Indeed, what an exquisite poem the whole of "The Knight's Tale" is! How fresh, how vigorous, how living, how pathetic! What a wonderful description that is of the forest! One actually seems to see it, it is described with such vividness. What sharp, clear pictures he paints with a touch! No one can approach Chaucer in the intensity and truth of some of his lines, as, for instance, —

The smiler with the knife under his cloak.

The smiler! — what a touch! Again, —

The cold death, with mouth gaping upright.

Is that not grim enough? Or try him at landscape. Remember the picture painted on the wall, —

First on the wall was painted a forēste,
In which there dwellēd neither man nor beste,
With knotty, knarry, barren treēs olde,
Of stubbēs sharp and hideous to beholde;
In which there ran a romble and a swough,
As though a storm shuld bresten every bough.

Truly he might say, —

All full of chirking was that sorry place.

Bel. But take, since we are quoting, again, that beautiful morning scene of his in the same poem. Can anything be fresher and more beautiful? —

The besy larke, the messenger of day,
Salūeth in hire song the morwe gray;
And fry Phœbus riseth up so bright
That all the orient laugheth of the sight,
And with his stremēs dryeth in the graves
The silver dropēs hanging on the leaves.
And Arcite, that is in the court ryāl,
With Theseus, his squiēr principāl,
Is risen, and looketh on the merry day;
And for to down his observance to May,
Remembring on the poynt of his desire,
He on his courser sterling as the fire,
Is ridden to the fieldēs him to playe
Out of the court, were it a mile or tweye.

There is nothing like that in all English verse. The quaintness, the simplicity, the directness, the freshness, the feeling for nature, the grace, are quite unapproachable. I wish I could go on quoting Chaucer, but there would never be an end, and I might as well leave off. How did he manage in his old age to keep such perfect youth and heartiness? One never feels as if he were old. The heart springs up and sings in every line. His gaiety is irrepressible. The world is always young to him. His humor is so sly and sharp; his pathos so tender and refined; his gladness so pulsing and contagious; his romance so chivalrous; his sympathies so large — that he carries one away with him at his "own sweet will." Yet I hear many persons say they cannot read him. His quaint spelling disturbs them, and they find his verses halting and unfinished.

Mal. His verses halting! I know no poet whose verse is to me more charming, more full of exquisite cadence and variety. He prided himself on the exactness of his feet and measure. One must know, to be sure, how to read and accent it — but that

is learned with so little trouble; and when one has caught the inflections, the rhythm is beautiful. Besides, its very quaintness lends it a certain charm to me. How terribly he loses in Dryden's transcripts! — all the soul and heart is gone. Take, for instance, at a little greater length, the passage you were quoting a minute or two ago from "The Knight's Tale": —

Alas the woe! alas the peinēs stronge,
That I for you have suffer'd, and so longe!
Alas the deth! alas mine Emelie!
Alas departing of our compaignie!
Alas, mine hertis quene! alas, my wife!
Mine hertis ladie, ender of my life!
What is this world? what asken men to have
Now with his love, now in his coldē grave
Alone, withouten any compaignie.
Farewell, my swete, farewell mine Emelie,
And softē take me in your armēs tway,
For love of God, and herkeneth what I say.

Now, see how Dryden ruins this simple and pathetic passage: —

This I may say, I only grieve to die
Because I lose my charming Emilie:
To die, when Heaven had put you in my
power:

Fate could not choose a more malicious hour!
What greater curse could envious Fortune
give,

Than just to die, when I began to live!
Vain men, how vanishing a bliss we crave,
Now warm in love, now withering in the grave!
Never, O never more to see the sun!
Still dark, in a damp vault, and still alone!
This fate is common; but I lose my breath
Near bliss; and yet, not bless'd before my
death.

Farewell; but take me dying in your arms,
'Tis all I can enjoy of all your charms.

Bel. There is a delightful volume containing several of his Canterbury Tales, admirably rendered into modern English by Wordsworth, Mrs. Browning, Leigh Hunt, Richard Horne, and others, in which they have endeavored to change as little as possible his very words. But still their renderings have not the charm of the original, and in some cases I cannot but think they have unnecessarily altered him to suit modern ears and tastes. With a little accentuation in the printing, and change of the spelling, it seems to me that he ought to be quite intelligible to every one. Still, there are no other renderings of his poems to be compared to these; and they are made with true poetic sense and feeling. Mr. Horne has also published some interesting correspondence between him and Mrs. Browning in relation to this book. Have you seen it?

Mal. Yes; and it interested me very

much. I wish there had been a good deal more of it, and I wish Leigh Hunt could have given us all his ideas and feelings about it. He truly relished Chaucer, and his essays on his poems are charming. There never was a more genial critic than he. I shall always be glad that I knew him. It was like touching an older generation of poets and writers. He showed me one day a lock of Milton's hair, which was one of his most precious possessions, and said, "Put your hand on it." I did. "There!" he said, "you have touched Milton."

Bel. Ah! that was the lock of hair on which he wrote a sonnet. There is nothing so living about us as hair. You really touched the same hair in which he twined his hand, possibly when he was dictating the "Paradise Regained." It must have given you a sensation.

Mal. It did. It was really a part of Milton that I touched. And strange that it should so long have survived him. There is probably nothing that now remains of what was once Milton, except that lock of hair—all the rest is dust.

Bel. It is said that all the component parts of the body entirely change every seven years. Do we then remain the same persons, when all that we once were has insensibly departed from us? What are we then? or what is it that is *we*? How can we claim to be the same individual person that we were ten years ago?

Mal. We are not! We are neither identical in body nor mind. There is nothing of what we were but memories, and phantasms, and ghosts of thoughts that still haunt us. Our bodies vanish from us even while we live. And when we die, to what base uses we may return! "Why, may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung-hole?"

Bel. "Twere to consider too curiously to consider so."

Mal. "No, faith, not a jot."

Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in
awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!

Bel. It might indeed, or make a jug for our ale as in the old song, which is but another elaboration of the same idea.

Mal. You have been in that cold and splendid mausoleum of the Medici family in S. Lorenzo in Florence. I do not mean the room where the statues of Michael Angelo stand, but that other lofty mauso-

leum, lined and cased in rich and curious marbles, with their great sarcophagi dedicated to the dead Medicean grand dukes a grand, cold, heartless place.

Bel. I remember it well, and I remember that it cost nearly three millions of scudi—to be accurate, 2,700,000.

Mal. And I suppose you or any one would think that with all this splendor, some little consideration would have been bestowed on the bodies of the royal personages whom the tombs are raised to celebrate. But it is not so. Where the bodies of the early dukes were first buried I know not, but in 1791, Ferdinand III. gathered together all the coffins containing the royal bodies, and had them piled together pell-mell in the subterranean vaults of the chapel, caring scarcely to distinguish one from another, and there they remained uncared for, and only protected from invasion by two wooden doors, with common keys, until 1857. But shame then came over those who had the custody of the place; and it was determined to put them in place and order. In 1818, a rumor was current that these Medicean coffins had been violated and robbed of all the articles of value which they contained. But little heed was paid to this rumor, and it was not until thirty-nine years afterwards, in 1857, that an examination into the fact was made. It was then found that the rumor had been well founded. The forty-nine coffins containing the remains of the family were taken down one by one, and a sad state of things was exposed. Some of them had been broken into and robbed, some of them were the hiding-places of rats and every kind of vermin; and such was the nauseous odor they gave forth, that at least one of the persons employed in taking them down lost his life by inhaling it.

Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,

had become hideous and nauseous. Of many of them nothing remained but fragments of bones and a handful of dust; but where they had not been stolen, the splendid dresses, covered with jewels—the wrought silks and satins of gold embroidery—the helmets and swords, crusted with gems and gold,—still survived the dust and bones that had worn them in their splendid pageants and ephemeral days of power; and in many cases, where everything that bore the impress of life had gone, the hair still remained, almost as fresh as ever. Some, however, had been embalmed, and were in fair preservation; and some were in a dreadful state

of putrefaction. Ghastly and grinning skulls were there, adorned with crowns of gold. Dark and parchment-dried faces were seen, with their golden hair rich as ever, and twisted with gems and pearls and golden nets. The cardinals wore still their mitres and red cloaks and splendid rings. On the breast of Cardinal Carlos (son of Ferdinand I.) was a beautiful cross of white enamel, with the effigy of Christ in black, surrounded with emeralds, and on his hand a rich sapphire ring. On that of Cardinal Leopold, the son of Cosimo II., over the purple pianeta was a cross of amethysts, and on his finger a jacinth, set in enamel. The dried bones of Vittoria della Rovere Montefeltro were draped by a dress of black silk, of beautiful texture, trimmed with black and white lace, with a great golden medal on her breast, and the portrait of her as she was in life, lying on one side, and her emblems on the other; while all that remained of herself were a few bones. Anna Luisa, the Electress Palatine of the Rhine, daughter of Cosimo III., lay there, almost a skeleton, robed in a rich violet velvet, with the electoral crown surmounting a black, ghastly face of parchment,—a medal of gold, with her effigy and name on one side, and on her breast a crucifix of silver; while Francisco Maria, her uncle, lay beside her, a mass of putrid robes and rags. Cosimo I. and Cosimo II. had been stripped by profane hands of all their jewels and insignia; and so had been Eleonora de Toledo and Maria Christina, and many others, to the number of twenty. The two bodies which were found in the best preservation were those of the grand duchess Giovanna d' Austria, the wife of Francisco I., and their daughter Anna. Corruption had scarcely touched them, and they lay there, fresh in color as if they had just died,—the mother, in her red satin, trimmed with lace, her red silk stockings and high-heeled shoes, the earrings hanging from her ears, and her blond hair as fresh as ever; and equally well preserved was the body of the daughter—the color of their faces scarcely changed. And so, centuries after they had been laid there, the truth became evident of the rumor that ran through Florence at the time of their death, that they had died of poison. The arsenic which had taken from them their life, had preserved their bodies. Giovanni delle Bande Nere was also there—the bones scattered and loose within his iron armor, and his rusted helmet with the visor down. And this is what was left of the great Medici.

Bel. What a miserable story! Take physic, Pomp! To think that all the splendor and power of earth can come to this; that even our rags outlive us; that beauty and youth, and strength and manhood, can rot and crumble to dust like any carrion; 'tis terrible. And we still go on playing our games of folly in the face of high heaven, and ranting and bragging, as if we were anything, until the sceptre drops from the nerveless hand of the dead Cæsar, and he lies down to rot like the veriest beggar in the ditch. The beasts that brag not put us to shame. And we, who pretend to know everything! what do we know? Will any one read me the simple, every-day riddle of death? Why, the very mountains and rocks laugh at us, and spurn us for our self-conceit, and well they may. Nature scorns us; she drenches us with her tempests; buffets us with her storms; flings us fifty fathoms down her rocks to death; and burns us with her sun,—and still she cannot take the vanity and conceit out of us. You are no child of mine, Nature says. I am only your stepmother, and I scorn you for your folly. Go, poor ape, and learn modesty and humility.

Mal. Yes, I think she does indeed. She seems to care little for us; we are always at sword's point,—she to attack and destroy us, and we to parry her attacks. Death threatens out of every crevice and whispers in every wind; and Nature hides him everywhere to assault us. Sometimes, as if by caprice, she is kind, and turns us out and lets us be happy for a moment; but she is as fickle as the wind, and even when she smiles she points us out to Death, and leads us into his ambushes. What cares she if we live or die! She smiles the same over the mangled body or crushed heart as over the first kiss of love. What sympathy has she with us in our griefs and tortures and agonies? The sun shines just as clear and bright on the wretched as on the happy. Does our sorrow dim the light, or force the brook to talk less loudly, or keep the flowers from blooming? No! Nature mocks and laughs at our striving and our living.

Bel. Nothing is so terrible in our grief as the impassiveness of Nature; the perfect hardness of heart, the utter want of sympathy she shows; the cold, cruel indifference to all we feel. Even in our joy she is always taunting us with a secret, which she pretends to whisper but will not reveal. Everywhere she seems just about to tell us something we desire to know, to give us something we desire to have, and

when we grasp at it, it is gone,—over there, out beyond, somewhere where we are not. Happiness is her lure, which she holds out before us, just beyond our reach, and when we rush to seize it and stumble to the earth in pain, she will not come to our assistance. She talks a vague and inarticulate language which we cannot understand, and yet she will never explain what she means. What she means! No! nor what anything means. We all like fools pretend to understand her; but in our heart of hearts we know that it is all a pretence, and we cover over our utter ignorance by a veil of words, and keep ourselves from drowning in the abyss of thought by foolish rafts of phrases. Really if we were not man, there would be nothing so laughable as man, with our whinings and complaints, and our prophecies and pretences. Sometimes I think the beasts have the better of us—in their dumbness. They commit none of our follies of speech; they do not look forward and harass themselves with striving to pierce the impenetrable; they do not whine over the past, and consume themselves with vain regrets; they take what is given and live in the present, and have the decency to be dumb and grateful.

Mal. Still it is pleasant to spin

A shroud of talk to hide us from the sun
Of this familiar life—which seems to be
But is not—or is but quaint mockery
Of all we would believe; or sadly blame
The jarring and inexplicable frame
Of this wrong world, and then anatomize
The purposes and thoughts of men whose
eyes
Were closed in distant years—or widely
guess
The issue of this earth's great business,
When we shall be as we no longer are.

Bel. That is Shelley, is it not?

Mal. Yes.

Bel. Ah, yes! it is pleasant to spin such webs of faith to catch flies. And the dew-drops hang on them, too, in the morning, and glitter like diamonds; but sometimes we are only the flies themselves that are caught in them, and then it is not so pleasant.

Mal. Flies! There is nothing I detest like flies. Nothing on earth enrages me like them. I like to see them caught in webs. They present the only shape in which courage does not seem a virtue. Pertinacious and fearless, they can never be driven away. They know not fear, they are so disgustingly alert. I like the old line—is it Decker's?—

Fierce as wild bulls, untamable as flies!

I was reading some time ago a most horrible account, given by a writer in the *St. James's Gazette*, of the battle-field of Tel-el-Kebir on the day after the battle there in 1882, and of the fearful gathering there of flies. The Egyptian troops had, he says, neglected to bury their dead, and the British troops did not bury them, so that the bodies of the dead Arabs and Egyptians lay about the trenches and the fort walls. Let me read you what the writer says:—

Long before I got to the trenches I noticed a dark line, distinctly visible on the otherwise bright sandy landscape, and as I got nearer, the fort seemed to be covered with a dark pall. I could not account for this phenomenon at first, and at the instant it was suggestive of something supernatural. On nearer approach, however, at about 150 yards' distance from the dark mass, I heard distinctly a loud humming noise. As I approached nearer, the sound increased in volume until it became a loud roar. It was not until I was close to the black line that I could make out the cause. Then I could see the topmost flies as they hovered and dived above the lower strata. I could trace this black line of flies for a half-mile or so on either side of me, and it rose like a thick curtain for some ten yards off the ground. Here is a calculation for some mathematician. A wall of flies one mile long, ten yards high, and forty yards wide; and the flies so thickly massed that they might be said to be riding one on top of the other, and brushing each other side by side. This black wall represented the line of dead Egyptians; and certainly if they were unburied they did not want for a pall. How I was to get through this cordon of flies was a doubtful problem. Time was pressing, and a party of Arabs were hanging behind, and enjoying some nice ball-practice, with my pony and me for targets. To go around the flank of this fly-wall was out of the question, so I put spurs to my pony and urged him through. The brute refused several times, literally frightened by the hum and noise. At last I managed to get him "head on," and never shall I forget my passage through those forty yards of flies. They presented such a firm front as we passed through, that I could feel a heavy pressure, heavy enough to compel me instinctively to grip the saddle closer with my knees. I had to close mouth and eyes, and trust to chance to get straight through; and it was no easy matter to endure the horrible stench that emanated from the mass. My pony was so terrified that I could not pull him up until we had got some hundred yards beyond the black mass, and out into the clear desert air again.

There! is not that a hideous picture?

Bel. Hideous enough. Thank Heaven we have no such armies of flies here. If the devil ever made any creature, he made the fly. It is as black as he is painted, and as devilish as one could wish. But I know why you hate flies so. You are getting bald, and they make your cranium a playground — a promenade?

Mal. Ay, that they do. But bald is a hard word. Why not say, Your hair is getting thin, — that euphuism lets a man down easy. Bald, forsooth! I admit my part is wider than it used to be, but that is all. I am not bald. People like you sometimes rudely tell me I am; but I take good heed never to use a double mirror, nor see the back of my head. The last time I used two they played me a sad trick. I saw a person I did not know reflected in them.

Bel. I beg your pardon for my coarse language. There is a friend of ours who divides all persons into two classes, those whose hair is parted in the middle, and those whose hair is departed in the middle. And as Solomons said to George III., I congratulate you on being in the second class.

Mal. *A propos* of what did Solomons say that?

Bel. *A propos* of players on the violin. "They may be divided," he said, "into two classes. Those who play well, and those who play badly; and I congratulate your Majesty on arriving at the second class."

Mal. I am a believer in wigs, provided the wig does not attempt to lie and deceive you into a belief that it is the real natural covering of the head. It is the wig's attempt at deceit which makes it contemptible and ridiculous. When it boldly says, I am a wig, and not a counterfeit head of hair, it is as respectable as any other headdress, and may be quite as becoming. For instance, a handsome King Charles wig is certainly as becoming as a stove-pipe hat, and on an official head a wig has something imposing. I doubt if any judge would so sternly typify Themis with his natural hair as when he is covered with his wig. Persons in high offices who personate powers should not appear in their common dresses. In my opinion, a judge in his shirt-sleeves may be as just and able as one in his robes and wig, but he will not have the same authority. Think of a cardinal in knickerbockers and a dress-coat! Has he not lost half his impressiveness and influence by the change of his dress? Dress is as necessary for the body as language for the

mind. It is, I cannot but think, a great mistake in America that the judiciary have no official robes to distinguish them on the bench, not only for the dignity which these give to the office, and for the influence they exert on the public, but for the effect they produce on the mind of the judge himself. A man in official robes cannot but feel that he is, to a certain degree, removed from his ordinary personal relations of common life; that he becomes a representative of the office, and bound to its duties. We admit, in the army and navy, that dress, uniform, and distinctive badges restrain personalities and give authority, and compel the wearer to a bearing and conduct appropriate to his position. So, also, we recognize the appropriateness and impressiveness of costume in the Church. Why is this not true in all other official positions in life? Why does it not equally apply to judges and advocates, and all the officers of a court? American ministers at foreign courts are now prohibited from wearing the distinctive diplomatic dress ordained by custom of all other nations. But on what sufficient ground? It is asserted that such distinctive dresses are not republican. Why? Is not one dress as republican as another? It is, in my opinion, simply an offence against good manners thus to fly in the face of the world, and reject the usages of diplomacy. One might as well insist that it is not republican to put on the recognized dress-coat at an evening reception or ball. A gentleman simply conforms to the usages of the society he frequents, and he wears the dress worn by others; he does not seek to render himself conspicuous among them by singularity of costume, nor tacitly to criticise their good taste by adopting a different dress. The generally admitted rules and customs of society may not be very wise, but every gentleman recognizes them as binding upon him. He does not offend by self-assertion and the assumption of superiority in even minor matters; he simply conforms to the general usage. Now all the nations of Europe have agreed (whether wisely or not is immaterial) to require that all persons holding diplomatic positions shall, on formal occasions, wear a distinctive diplomatic dress. The courts of Europe have decreed that on State occasions and presentations this dress shall be obligatory. To comply with this requisition, to conform to this universal usage, involves no loss of dignity or principle. But for a foreign minister or ambassador to refuse to do so is an imper-

tinence to all the courts at which he represents his country, and a criticism and slur upon all his fellow-ministers and ambassadors who conform to this usage. It is as much as to say, "You may commit this folly, but I will not. You may dress yourselves as lackeys, but I am no lackey, and I will show you what you ought to do." This is as presumptuous as it is ill-bred. It is virtually an assertion that he is better than they are. Surely any court in Europe has the right to lay down rules and conventions as to its own receptions; and can there be a greater impertinence or a more overbearing pretension than for any one to insist that he will not conform to them, and claim that he is to be excepted from the rules which govern others because he is a republican? But it is asserted that the dress which is recognized as appropriate for any American in visiting the president of the United States is proper and sufficient for him at all the courts of Europe. That is begging the whole question. The president has the right to make his own rules for his own court; but surely he has no right to make rules for all the courts of Europe, or directly to violate those which in the exercise of their rights they have laid down, and in so doing to offend the prejudices and usages of diplomatic society in general, or to insist that he shall be made an exception, or to make his special privilege a national question. My notion is that a gentleman, when he enters any society, asks what are the usages of that society, how he should dress, and what are the forms adopted by others, and to these he conforms; and I know not why a diplomat should not do the same. But in point of fact this rule as to dress is an admirable one, and founded on good reasons. The dress itself is an indication of the office and position of the wearer. That office confers upon the diplomat certain privileges and rights, and his dress accredits him to all persons ignorant of him personally. If he present himself in that dress, ushers and soldiers, guards and servants, recognize him as a diplomat, and give him free entrance, and assist him to the enjoyment of his privileges. If, on the contrary, he presents himself in his ordinary dress, how are the subordinates of a court, the guards of a palace or public place, to distinguish him? It becomes necessary for him, in order to pass, to prove his identity. How is he to do this? Were it not for the dress anybody might present himself, and by claiming to be a minister, improperly obtain entrance, out of mere

curiosity, or for objects thoroughly wrong. In fact, the most disastrous and disgraceful incidents have occurred merely through this absurd regulation. On one occasion an American minister, presenting himself on a State occasion in his ordinary dress, was refused permission to pass the door by the guard. He asserted his position as American minister; but the guard, not trusting to his assertion, still refused. He attempted to force his way, and then occurred a disgraceful scene—a fight between him and the guard, a great noise and confusion, his arrest, and final release after a time. Other cases, some of them ludicrous enough, I know; but it is better to say nothing about them—*non ragioniam dilor*. But to go back to what I was saying. So far from objecting to costumes and official dresses, I should like not only that the judiciary, and the army and navy and foreign ministers, should have a special costume, but that every guild, office, trade, and profession should have one appropriate to itself. It was the case in Italy in the olden days, and what picturesqueness it gave to life! There was no nonsense then about costumes representing the occupation or office of any person being anti-republican. During the best days of their republics, every guild had its own dress. The merchant, the noble, the magistrate, the artist, the carpenter, the tradesman—each was distinguished by its costume, and all were proud or satisfied at least with their position, and not ashamed of it. Why do we all dress alike? Simply, I suppose, because we wish to conceal our real occupation. We are not willing to show ourselves in our true colors. We hope to be mistaken to be in a higher rank than that which we actually have. Is this republican—to be aping the dress, and pretending to the position of those who are above us? Are we ashamed of what we are doing? Do we want to fly under false colors? Is it a disgrace to be a tradesman, and a glory to be mistaken for a lord or a governor? Does it give us a secret delight to think that among strangers we may be thought to be members of Congress? or does it offend us to have any one set above us, or distinguished from us by any exterior badge or dress? Whatever is the motive for this deadly conformity of dress, it neither strengthens our character nor makes life picturesque.

Bel. I go even a step beyond, and think that badges and ribbons and medals are admirable inventions. Nay, I think that even the ribbon of the Legion of Honor,

much as it is laughed at, is a good thing, and nothing shows the practical good sense of the French more than the institution of this order. It is not much of a distinction, you say. No matter, it is something; and a man that wears it in his button-hole feels compelled by it to decency of conduct. He would not commit the same act with it on his person as if he were without it. Is this nothing? Humanity is a very foolish thing. There is no such ridiculous animal as a man; but those who wish to lead men and make the best of them, use their follies to guide them to good ends. It is, if you please, ridiculous that a man should desire the ribbon. But if he do desire it—and what Frenchman does not?—there is the fact; and why not make use of it? Men will strain every nerve to obtain it. They will earnestly work—nay, they will hazard their lives for it. It is thus a great lever to move society, and it is foolish to throw it away. The soldier will brave death for the medal of valor. If you have no medal to give him, you have lost a powerful incentive. Besides, in general, is it not a good thing for society that services and abilities and noble deeds should be recognized by some outward badge? There is no such cheap way of purchasing men in the first place, and then it acts as a stimulus on others to deserve and obtain a similar public evidence of merit. You say we ought to be above this. Perhaps we ought, but we are not; and we might as well accept things as they are. Again you say, if it really could be confined to true desert, it would be different: but such honors, if you will call them so, are not always given to the deserving; they do not really mean anything; they are often obtained by influence and chicanery. True; but even though this be the case, they are not without value. You must not judge things by their exceptions. Are there any honors or distinctions or offices of which you cannot say the same? Are they only given to the most deserving? Does nobody intrigue for them? But is that a reason to refuse all distinctions? They are not republican at least, you say. Whatever aristocratic and monarchical countries may do, it is contrary to all this spirit of republicanism to do this. And pray, why? They confer no power, they give no authority, they injure no one, and why should not a republic recognize, by a badge, a token, a medal, a ribbon, great services to the country? Men may politically be equal if you choose, but for all

that they are not equal in mind, in power, in character—in a word, in anything essential—and there is something of the devil's "darling sin, the pride that apes humility," in any pretence that they are. By the laws of America no title can be conferred by the country, and yet there is no people that are more fond of them. You cannot drive out human nature with a pitchfork. If you cannot there be Lord Booby or Sir Thomas Newcombe, you are Doctor, or Colonel, or Judge, or Congressman, or Senator; and of late I find that the two last titles, which in the old days were never known, have become universal. All people like titles and handles to their name—republicans as well as monarchists. Why, if titles and distinctions and badges are wrong or inexpedient or ridiculous, do the colleges and societies in America confer them? Why are men pleased to place LL.D. after their names, or A.A.S., or anything else? Has it ever done any injury to society to give these degrees and titles? When it comes to conferring powers and privileges with the titles, the question assumes another aspect; but I cannot see why it would not have been an admirable thing if the country had by some badge or outward token recognized the great services and sacrifices and valor of those who distinguished themselves in the late war. I never look at a soldier in England who wears the Crimean medal, or at an Italian who wears the medal of military valor on his breast, without a sensation of respect and a certain thrill of interest, and a feeling that here is a man who has done something. On his part also he feels a natural pride in wearing it, as he feels a natural pride in any recognition that he has done his duty as a man should; and I cannot but think that this exerts a good influence on all. There! I have done.

Mal. Well, you have made a long speech, and I will not say there is no truth in what you urge. But really is there anything more absurd than a Frenchman with his Legion of Honor on his overcoat, on his undercoat, on his dressing-gown, on his waistcoat? I honestly believe that if you strip him naked you will find it pasted or tattooed on his breast. Dissect him, and on his heart would be written Legion of Honor, as Calais on Mary of England's heart.

Bel. Very true; but none the less the red ribbon is a great power in the hands of the government; and if a Frenchman is ridiculous in our eyes in the mode in

which he wears it and in the pride he takes in it, all the more it shows that the ribbon is a power. For my own part, it amuses me excessively, but that is no reason why it should be abandoned.

Mal. You are an abominable aristocrat.

Bel. I think I should be a fool if, knowing I could secure the best services of any one by giving him so trifling a thing as a ribbon, I should refuse to do so.

Mal. You remind me of an anecdote which Mr. Justice Story used to tell of William Pinckney, the distinguished lawyer. On his return to America, after having represented his country as minister in England, he came to see the judge, and talking over with him his impressions of life and society there, he said, "Were it not for my republican prejudices, I know of no position more enviable than that of a peer of the realm of Great Britain, with a large rent-roll, — were it not for my republican prejudices?" "His republican prejudices!" the judge used to repeat with a laugh; "I never knew he had any. He was the most thorough aristocrat, as he was one of the ablest men, I ever knew."

Bel. I have always heard that he was a very remarkable man.

Mal. In every way. At the bar he was *facile princeps* among a group of eloquent and able men, equally powerful with the bench and the jury — a severe student and laborious worker in his profession, and a man of indomitable perseverance and industry. With all this, he was a great fop in his dress, and had the folly to assume, before the bar and bench, a careless contempt of study. After working all night on a case, he would present himself in court finically dressed in the height of fashion, with the air of a man who had given but slight attention to the case he was to argue, and begin his argument in an artificial tone of voice and manner, as if he were but slightly interested in it. But as he went on, his air and manner changed; he threw off this affectation, and showed such mastery of details, such consummate skill in marshalling his argument, such power of illustration and eloquence, as to carry everything before him. The jury, which had begun by smiling, became spellbound. The court and bar listened with profound attention; and when he took his seat, it was no easy task to counteract the impression which he had left.

Bel. Eloquence seems to be a thing of the past. We have become more practical

and more commonplace than we used to be. We do not believe in eloquence. Would it be possible now, for instance, for any man to produce such an effect upon the House of Commons as Sheridan did in his great speeches? That cold, august, and critical body was then so moved by him, that tears ran down the cheeks of some of the members; and such was the impression he made, that after he took his seat all further discussion for the time was impossible, and the House was forced to adjourn in order to recover its composure. So, too, in the Senate in America. Some of the great speeches of Webster carried grave senators away with the vigor and earnestness of their eloquence, and changed the whole aspect of the question. But we are lower-toned now, have less enthusiasm, and, I am afraid, less heart than in the olden days.

Mal. Oh, oh! Given the eloquent man, you would find the same impression again. The truth is, we have not the eloquent man; and surely there is nothing more unpleasant — nay, more ludicrous and repulsive — than that wordy and inflated counterfeit of eloquence which is sometimes heard in America, in which there is such a pennyworth of brains and thought to such a monstrous quantity of verbiage. Not that the Americans are not facile and good speakers generally. The difficulty is, that they are too facile. They let their words run away with their thoughts. They orate; their swelling sentences are for the most part sham; they do not rise out of the heart and mind, and pour forth from necessity and with an inborn strength. They are all pumped up, and there is nothing more hateful than this. Eloquence is not a garment which can be put on to thought at will. But if in America oratory is mouthing and inflated, in England it is flat and commonplace, hesitating, and generally so conscious that it is painful to the listener. The American has a great gift of what the Chinese would call "talkee, talkee," and at all events, one is not in constant fear lest he break down utterly; but the Englishman so stumbles and corrects himself, so hesitates over all his sentences, that it is with a sense of relief that we see him take his seat. Of course there are noble exceptions to all this in both countries; and I confess that I am on the English side in preferring business-like and practical statements and arguments, even though they are flat, to windy talk and strained phrases. There is certainly

little or no eloquence in the House of Commons at the present day; but there is practical debate and discussion, however dull.

Bel. Yes; but men who are by nature eloquent are cowed by the House of Commons, and often do not dare to give vent to the enthusiasm they feel. The fashion has changed from what it was in the time of Sheridan, and I doubt whether the House would now listen to his speeches. We have changed our manners and speech as well as our dress. We go in for the useful and the practical. We affect slang in our conversation, and indifference in our opinions. We understate everything, and object to enthusiasm. We wear cutaways and trousers, and earnestness is not exactly good style. People stare if you are enthusiastic — as much as if you wore tunics. Life is no longer picturesque but monotonous, and the critical spirit is so in vogue that we are all in fear of what may be said and thought of what we do. Not to do "the thing" that is expected is to make yourself a conspicuous target for the shafts of all, and everybody is expected to do what others are doing. This destroys individuality and monotonizes character. Once England was full of characters; now all are cut out on the same pattern, all speak alike, all dress alike. The eccentric Englishman at home is almost a thing of the past.

Mal. What a picture! It is a horrible age, as the present always is to those who are living in it. I don't, however, think we are worse than our fathers or grandfathers. They railed at their age as much as we at ours. But in one respect I agree we have not changed things for the better, and that is in our dress. Still we naturally abuse the present. The world always has and will. Let me recall to your memory some lines from an anonymous poem of the latter part of the sixteenth century, or the early half of the seventeenth. It is the old complaint that the times are growing worse.

Our ladies in those days
In civil habit went;
Broadcloth was then worth praise,
And gave the best content.
French fashions then were scorned,
Fond fangles then none knew;
Then modesty women adorned
When this old cap was new!

Bel. Man's dress is frightful — without dignity, beauty, or convenience.

Mal. No; not without convenience.

Bel. Yes; without convenience. It is nothing but habit which makes trousers even tolerable. They swell at the knee and the hip, they drag up the leg, they gather all the moisture and mud about the ankles and shoes, and are in every way as inconvenient as they are ugly. The proof of it is, that if we go out to shoot or ride or march, we change them if we can. Every soldier can march farther in a day with his trousers pulled up and tied under the knee, so as to afford the leg full play, than if he wear them down over his shoes.

Mal. Women's costumes are better. But women always manage to look well in anything. No matter how hideous any fashion is, it is always thought becoming. But a beautiful woman will be beautiful despite her dress — not because the dress is becoming to the person, but the person to the dress. They so lend their grace and charm to it, that they rob it of its ugliness. We can't help loving them whatever they wear.

Bel. All costumes are going out. Manchester invades the secretest village of the Abruzzi; and even the peasants are now abandoning their dress. Civilization has triumphed over picturesqueness; the stove-pipe black hat is making its way to the Pyramids; and the formal coats and uncouth trousers of the West are invading the East, and driving out the flowing Oriental robes. The world is getting frightfully monotonous and ugly. Colors are going out, and man is endeavoring as far as he can to make himself hideous. Think of the old Florentine streets, of the Rialto at Venice, of the Mart of Genoa, of the Forum of Rome, of the Piazza of Sicily and Naples, of Siena and Milan and Pisa and Mantua and Verona, in the golden days of their prosperity, in the time of their republics and monarchies, what picturesqueness, what variety of costume, what brilliancy of color, what animation there was! How splendidly their figures grouped together in the streets and market-places! All was picture wherever one looked. Gorgeous colors flashed in the sunlight. Rich robes swept the pavements. Dignified figures moved along, in costumes befitting the majesty of man and the beauty of women. Remember the old Venetian and Florentine and Sieneese pictures which report the aspect of their cities in those days, and contrast them with the dull, monotonous vulgarity that now characterizes their street life. Are we any better for all this change? Have we gained anything by

the sacrifice of all this variety and beauty? Compare the England of to-day with England in the time of Elizabeth simply for costume. Never have men been so badly dressed as in this nineteenth century. Prose has triumphed over poetry, ugliness over beauty. What a loss to art! Great deeds are still done. Great men live and move and act. Great events occur — full of interest, and fraught with great consequences. But how represent them in art? The heart may beat as high, the purpose be as noble, the act in itself as grand; but how can you represent it in art, vulgarized by trousers, and debased to the eye by our modern dresses? This great man, who illumined our age by his wit, his wisdom, his courage, his foresight, his generosity, deserves a statue; but how can art represent what the mind craves, so long as he wears our dress?

Mal. The sculptor is forced into utter falsification of the fact on the one hand, by representing him as he never appeared; or utter falsification of all ideal demands on the other, by a literal and prosaic portraiture. And between these two stools the poor sculptor must fall. The public demands what is impossible, and then is dissatisfied that its expectations are not answered. Art is forced to fly to the past and to ideal regions, for daily life offers few subjects which can satisfy the painter or the sculptor.

Bel. The present always has to those who live in it a touch of the prosaic. There is a friend of mine who insists that in this age sculpture has no right to exist — that it is all reminiscence, and that real statues are a thing of the past.

Mal. That is encouraging to sculptors. But thank Heaven, then, that we have the past to live in and to work with! — and I am not sure that this is not in certain views an advantage. There is always in every sphere enough to do if we know how to do it. If the forms in which we cast our thoughts are old, the feeling and passion we put into them may be new. Love and sorrow, and life and death, and mirth and all the varieties of passion still exist, and human nature is the same forever.

Bel. There is a good deal of human nature in man. But, come, you must not work any more. These folds are all right.

Mal. I wish I thought so; but they never will be right until I think so.

Bel. You've looked at it too long. Wait till to-morrow, and see it with a fresh eye.

Mal. And pull it all down.

Bel. At all events, leave it now, and let us have our walk.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

THE WIFE OF MOLIERE.

FEW stories in literary history are so interesting, and at the same time so sad, as that of the married life of Molière. Armande Béjart, the woman whose destiny it was to be the wife of the great French dramatist, was born early in 1643. She was long supposed to have been the natural daughter of the actress Madeleine Béjart. Documentary evidence, however, which has only come to light in this century, fully proves that she was the daughter of Joseph Béjart and his wife Marie, and was thus sister and not daughter to Madeleine. Armande's mother, at the time of her daughter's birth, was in greatly straitened circumstances; and therefore the infant's sister, Madeleine, its senior by more than twenty years, resolved to adopt it as her own. Being compelled to spend a great deal of her time in travelling about, Madeleine first placed the child under the care of a lady in Languedoc. Armande remained here till 1657. During this period Madeleine's company, of which Molière was one of the most prominent members, was frequently in the south of France. And it can well be imagined that in his visits with Madeleine to the house in which Armande was being educated Molière was early attracted by the child's grace and cleverness, and contracted for her an affection destined later on to ripen into love. That this feeling was reciprocated is equally probable. "Elle l'appela son mari," says Grimarest, an early biographer, "dès qu'elle sçut parler." In 1657 Madeleine resumed the charge of her sister Armande, who was now fourteen years of age, and brought her to Paris. It was from this date that the feelings of Molière towards the child began to assume a deeper tone. He was close on forty years of age. After a life of labor and anxiety he was at length upon the point of finally achieving wealth and fame. His talents were fully recognized at court. He was settled at Paris; and the time was surely come when he might look to enjoy the tranquil pleasures of domestic ease. Where, then, could he find a better partner than Armande? Her family was well known to him. Her education in a quiet country home would be a guarantee for her future conduct. Lastly, her beauty, elegance, and talent would enable her to act with her husband in those dramatic masterpieces which have made the name of Molière eternal. It is true he was twenty years older than his innamorata; but his large income, his position as director

of the company, and his well-deserved reputation for tenderness and generosity amply counterbalanced this possible disadvantage.

The life of Molière is written in his plays, and it has been supposed, from the grim humor with which the character of Sganarelle, in the "Ecole des Maris," is drawn, that the amusing story of that deluded guardian is a satire on Molière himself, and that he had many misgivings as to his ultimate success with Armande. This view, however, in our opinion, is not correct. In the generous character of Molière there were none of the suspicions, the heart-burnings, and the jealous dreads which distinguish Sganarelle. It is rather with Ariste, the middle-aged but amiable hero of the "Ecole des Maris," that we should prefer to identify him. The plot of this play is briefly as follows: The father of two young girls, Isabelle and Léonore, has on his death-bed entrusted them to the care of two brothers, Sganarelle and Ariste, with power either to marry them themselves, or, failing the assent of the young ladies to this arrangement, to dispose of them to third parties. Sganarelle, the younger brother, a boorish and uncultured individual, brings up his ward, Isabelle, in absolute seclusion. She is dressed like a nun. She writes no letters. She sees no friends and she pays no visits. Her only employment is domestic labor, her only amusement the grim lectures of her guardian. The result of this unnatural system of restraint is that the girl enters into an amusing intrigue with a young man named Valère, escapes from the house, marries her youthful lover, and leaves Sganarelle disconsolate. The courtly and superb Ariste, on the other hand, although—and this is a point to which we would call the reader's special attention—the elder of the two brothers by twenty years, and therefore a very great deal older than his ward, Léonore, brings her up in perfect freedom. All her wishes are anticipated. She is allowed fine dresses, handsome equipages, and pocket-money in abundance. She is taken to balls and receptions. She visits and receives whom she likes. The consequence is that Léonore is so struck by the nobility, generosity, and openness of Ariste's behavior that, in spite of the many attentions she receives from other and younger admirers, she falls in love with her elderly guardian and marries him at the end of the play. Is there any one acquainted with the life of Molière who will not at once recognize the strong like-

ness between him and Ariste? This play, moreover, it must be remembered, was first produced at Paris on June 14, 1661. The young Armande was then with the company. She was most probably in the theatre when it was being acted, and the similarity between the position of the wealthy and elderly Ariste towards Léonore and of Molière towards her must have been at once apparent.

Thus the courtship of Molière ran its course. His feeling for Armande was one of love unalloyed. Whether her ideas of future happiness corresponded with his own it is impossible to say. From her subsequent conduct, however, it may be safely concluded that she was attracted rather by his wealth and position than by the *grande tendresse* he had offered her in the person of Ariste.

The marriage was celebrated at the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, on the *lundigras* of 1662, which happened to fall that year on February 29. The newly married couple then commenced life in a house in the Rue Richelieu. Molière has with exquisite subtlety described, under the character of Lucile in the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," the personal appearance of his wife, Armande. The whole passage is so exceptionally perfect that the reader will pardon our quoting it in full. This portion of dialogue takes place between Cléonte, the lover of Lucile, and Covielle, who is trying to depreciate her in his eyes.

Covielle. Je ne lui vois rien que de très-médiocre, et vous trouverez cent personnes qui seront plus dignes de vous. Premièrement, elle a les yeux petits.

Cléonte. Cela est vrai, elle a les yeux petits; mais elle les a pleins de feu, les plus brillants, les plus perçants du monde, les plus touchants qu'on puisse voir.

Covielle. Elle a la bouche grande.

Cléonte. Oui: mais on y voit des grâces qu'on ne voit point aux autres bouches; et cette bouche, en la voyant, inspire des désirs, est la plus attrayante, la plus amoureuse du monde.

Covielle. Pour sa taille, elle n'est pas grande.

Cléonte. Non; mais elle est aisée et bien prise.

Covielle. Elle affecte une nonchalance dans son parler et dans ses actions.

Cléonte. Il est vrai; mais elle a grâce à tout cela; et ses manières sont engageantes, ont je ne sais quel charme à s'insinuer dans les cœurs.

So happy a description needs no addition.*

* For the truth of this description see "L'Histoire

It is not improbable that the first few months of married life were happy. But Molière was soon destined to a rude awakening. It is not known for certain in what character Madame Molière made her *début*. The first part written for her by her husband was that of Elise in the "Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes," produced June 1, 1663. The brilliant success she gained on this occasion, combined with her already evil instincts, at once turned her giddy brain. She soon began to show those wilful and vicious inclinations which were destined to end in shame for herself and misery for her husband. The social and conversational talents of Molière made him much sought after as a companion. But he was not a lover of those aimless assemblages of human beings miscalled society. "Il n'aimait pas le nombre ni la gêne," says his biographer, Grimarest. Continually worried with the endless details of theatrical management, needing much time for the composition and revision of his dramatic works, he liked to spend his few leisure hours in quiet social intercourse with a small body of chosen friends. But Armande was incapable of forming a member of this select circle. It may perhaps be said in her behalf that this would have been too much to expect of a young girl suddenly brought from the seclusion of her home into the glare and glitter of theatrical society. And so Armande, when not occupied on the stage, must be at balls, receptions, and fêtes of every kind, whither her husband had neither the time nor the inclination to accompany her. She had an extraordinary love of extravagance for its own sake, and her reckless expenditure on dress and ornaments soon threatened to play havoc even with her husband's large income. Molière had not expected that the maxims of the "Ecole des Maris" would have been applied so quickly and so literally. As a natural consequence quarrels soon arose. Molière, like many persons of generous and kindly character, was occasionally subject to furious fits of passion, which, though violent, soon blew over. Armande was at first frightened at these outbursts, but she soon learnt to despise them, and Molière, after a long series of attempts to check her follies, gave up the struggle. He retired more than ever to that close circle of friends of whom Chapelle, Rohault, and Mignard were the

favorites, and strove in the society of those kind companions to forget his disappointment. The dream of Ariste was ended. Molière saw too late that between him and the wife he had chosen there was a great gulf fixed, and he bitterly complained to his friends of the hopeless mistake he had committed.

Like every successful man, Molière had many enemies. The notorious unhappiness of his domestic life afforded them a rich source of triumph. Before many months had passed he began to be caricatured on the stage, to be lampooned in public print, to be pointed at everywhere as the husband of one of those *franches coquettes*

Qui s'en laissent conter, et font dans tout Paris
Montrer au bout du doigt leurs honnêtes maris.

In their hatred of a rival the enemies of Molière did not hesitate to sound the lowest depths of calumny. The great difference in age between Madeleine Béjart and her sister Armande had begotten the rumor that Armande was really her daughter. Relying on this rumor, the enemies of Molière declared that he had been the lover of Madeleine at the time of Armande's birth. And it was now that the boldest and most envious of his rivals, the actor Montfleuri, laid before the king that infamous charge which accused Molière of having married his own daughter. Whether the king deigned to examine into this preposterous accusation is unknown. In any case he returned to it an indirect answer which silenced the crew of libellers very effectually. In January, 1664, Madame Molière gave birth to a boy; and the king, who had just received the denunciation presented by Montfleuri, at once signified his desire to be godfather to the child.

Shortly before this date Molière and his wife had left the Rue Richelieu. They took up their new abode in a house in the Rue Saint Thomas du Louvre, in which Madeleine Béjart also resided. It may have been a desire to place his wife under her care that induced Molière to shift his quarters. It was not, however, a good piece of policy on his part. Madeleine had for so long looked on Armande as a daughter that her relation towards Molière was now practically that of a mother-in-law. It is therefore needless to say that in all the quarrels between Molière and Armande she took the part of the latter—a circumstance which did not tend to make the home of Molière more happy or more comfortable. Another fact was that

du Théâtre Français," par les frères Parfait; also "Lettre sur la Vie et les Ouvrages de Molière et sur les Comédiens de son Temps," in the *Mercur* for May, 1740.

Mlle. de Brie, an old flame of Molière, but now no longer young and beautiful, lived in the same house; and the charming Armande was thus enabled to remind Molière of his former *liaisons* on every conceivable occasion.

Up to the birth of her first child Armande's faults did not go beyond giddiness and extravagance; but from that event her conduct became far worse. On May 12, 1664, the "*Princesse d'Elide*" was produced at Versailles with extraordinary magnificence. A second production took place at Fontainebleau on July 30. Armande appeared on each occasion with great success, and was applauded to the echo by the assembled courtiers. Following the example of the king, the highest nobility of France frequently took part in the great ballets and spectacular allegories produced at court. A professional actress was thus constantly brought into intimate association with persons who considered her immeasurably beneath them in the social scale. The result of such a connection can be well imagined. Armande—who needed little encouragement—speedily became a mark for the crowd of dissolute intriguers who thronged the antechambers of Marli and Versailles. Her name soon began to be spoken of in connection with the Abbé de Richelieu and the Comte de Lauzun in a way which there was no mistaking. Her real object at this time, however, was to achieve the conquest of the Comte de Guiche, a popular young seigneur; but the latter, possibly because he was engaged in more exalted quarters—he is indeed said to have aspired to the Duchess of Orleans—spurned Armande's advances. Her hopeless infatuation for him soon became the laughter of Paris. Before long the scandal reached the ears of her husband. Molière, in terrible indignation, bitterly reproached her for the dishonor she was bringing on his name; but Armande was able to prove that her relations with the Comte de Guiche had never gone beyond a harmless flirtation. Of the other matters Molière knew nothing, and a reconciliation ensued. This was typical of all subsequent disagreements. The rumors against Armande grew worse, and the quarrels between husband and wife became more frequent and bitter.

In the midst of these miserable disputes Armande, on August 4, 1665, gave birth to a second child, a girl, the only one of his children who survived Molière. Not long after this event the first definite rupture took place between him and Armande.

Their continued quarrels had become unbearable. These, combined with his theatrical and literary labors, began slowly, but surely, to tell upon the spirits and constitution of Molière. His face grew haggard. His views of life, once so genial, altered into cynicism. In December, 1665, his health finally gave way, and he was absent from the stage for nearly three months. The production of the "*Misanthrope*" on June 4, 1666, a few months after his recovery, sufficiently indicates the tone of his mind at this period. Husband and wife had now separated by private agreement. They, however, still occupied different sets of rooms in the same house, and met constantly at the theatre. In April, 1667, Molière again fell ill, so seriously that for a long time he was compelled to restrict himself to a milk diet. And in the summer of this year, acting on the advice of friends, he retired to the pretty suburb of Auteuil, where, away from the noise and turmoil of Paris, he might hope to find rest and health for mind and body.

In spite of the wreck that marriage had caused to all his hopes, in spite of ruined health and bitter calumny, there is a peaceful happiness about this last epoch in the life of Molière which all his biographers will contemplate with pleasure. His *appartement*, a suite of rooms on the ground floor, with three bedrooms on a higher story, was plain but comfortable. His household consisted of a girl from the village, Martine, and his old housekeeper, La Forest. His little daughter, who was now at a school in the neighborhood, was frequently brought to spend a holiday with him. His wife, Armande, rarely troubled him with a visit. So thoroughly indeed did she respect the quiet which was absolutely necessary to her suffering husband that not even in his worst days of ill-health is there any record of her having acted as his nurse. But with a few books, a few friends, pleasant walks in the country, and visits to the simple villagers to whom his kindness and charity made him ever welcome, the days glided by not unhappily. Molière had plenty of time to spare for his rural retreat. Dramatic companies at that date rarely acted more than thrice a week, and the regular vacations were long and frequent. Among the few intimate friends who constantly came to Auteuil none were more welcome than Chapelle. This worthy *bon vivant* quite revolutionized the quiet country *ménage*. A wit, a man of fashion, and a lover of good wine, he placed himself at the head of his host's

table, entertained the guests at his host's expense, and made the quiet shades of Auteuil ring with the sound of his jolly revels. Molière, strictly limited to a milk diet, and usually confined to his room by indisposition, was of course unable to share these orgies. He contented himself with mild remonstrances to Chapelle on the sin of intoxication, but that worthy, to quote Grimarest's words, "promettait des merveilles sans rien faire." There was a contrast between the toilsome but ill-rewarded life of the great dramatist and the careless existence of this amiable trifler which seemed to bind the two together. And to none of his friends did Molière open himself so confidentially. The constant burden of his conversations with Chapelle was his wife, Armande, whose image no estrangement, no infidelity, could obliterate from her husband's heart. Not only was this the case, but Molière was continually racking his brains to discover some means of winning back his wife's affection. In nearly every play written at Auteuil there was some kindly passage, some dexterous compliment, some indirect appeal addressed to her. It was during this period, for instance, that the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" was written, in which occurs the exquisite description of Armande quoted above.

But it was in vain. Armande only took the opportunity of her husband's absence at Auteuil to commit against him an act of dishonor which may be stigmatized as the most disgraceful of her shameless life. About the year 1666, Molière, with the proverbial kindness which ever distinguished him, had taken into his household a little boy named Michel Boyron. The latter was of good birth; but his parents had died when he was young, a pair of dishonest guardians had frittered away his property, and at the time Molière noticed him he was travelling about with a company of strolling players. Molière, attracted by the child's unfortunate position, took him into his own house, gave him a good education, and wrote one or two little simple parts for him. Madame Molière, for some unknown reason, took an extraordinary dislike to the child. At a rehearsal of "Mélécerte" she so far forgot herself as to give him a violent box on the ear. Boyron—or Baron, to call him by his stage name—though only fourteen years old, fell into a violent passion. In spite of his patron's entreaties he left his house and rejoined the strolling company from which he had been rescued. For more than three years he remained away. At

length, in Easter, 1670, yielding probably to renewed solicitations on the part of Molière, he returned, and received an immediate engagement in his company. Baron was now in his eighteenth year. He must therefore have fully attained the splendid stature, the perfection of form and feature, and the superb deportment which later on combined with his undoubted talents to make him one of the greatest actors France has ever produced. But the vicious and irregular life he had led during the last three years had thoroughly depraved his heart, and he did not hesitate to commit a great wrong against his benefactor. The first part in which Baron was engaged was that of Cupid in the court ballet of "Psyche," produced at Versailles on July 24, 1671. The part of Psyche was taken by Armande herself, and she was at once so struck by Baron's personal graces that she did not hesitate to yield a ready assent to the offers he was base enough to make her. Fortunately Molière was never informed of this last and greatest act of treachery on the part of his wife. He thus continued on terms of great intimacy with Baron; and it is from the latter that Grimarest received many of those personal details which render his life of Molière so charming.

Molière, as we have already noticed, had never given up all hopes of a reconciliation with his wife. In the course of 1671, by the mediation of friends, he was enabled to come to an accommodation with her. His health was better now and he was allowed to give up his rigorous milk diet and return to a more generous fare. The reconciliation, such as it was, came only just in time, for the end was very near.

In March, 1672, "Les Femmes Savantes" was produced at Versailles. In the beautiful character of Henriette Molière again painted an ideal picture of the wife whom, in spite of all her faults, he loved so deeply. All readers of Molière know the graceful girl who can think of no sweeter future

Que d'attacher à soi par le titre d'époux
Un homme qui vous aime, et soit aimé de
vous,

Et de cette union de tendresse suivie
Se faire les douceurs d'une innocente vie.

In the autumn of 1672 Armande gave birth to another child. Shortly after this event Molière and his wife returned to the house in the Rue Richelieu which they had occupied in the early days of their

marriage. Madeleine Béjart had recently died. She left all her property to Armande, who thus became very wealthy. Molière may well have looked forward to many more years of prosperity, and of what was more valuable to him than prosperity, of happiness and love. But it was not to be. The return to Paris and the reconciliation with his wife had excited him terribly. The cough from which he had long suffered had now finally settled on his lungs. His health became rapidly worse, and even while the year 1673 was yet young, the man felt that he was dying. On February 10 the most amusing of his farces, "*Le Malade Imaginaire*," was produced with great success. The efforts of Molière, who took the part of Argan, completely exhausted him. As the evening of February 17, the date of the fourth representation, drew near, his condition became so alarming that his friends implored him not to go to the theatre that night. He steadily refused all their entreaties. The reason he alleged, that if he stopped the evening's performance fifty poor persons would go without their supper, was not correct.* He was rich enough to compensate them, and it would have been easy to find a substitute. But he was weary of life, and went to take his part in the play with a vague presentiment that that night would be his last. The very speech he made before setting out for the last time of all to the scene of his past triumphs is in the nature of a requiem. "*Tant que ma vie a été mêlée également de douleurs et de plaisirs*," said he to Baron, "*je me suis cru heureux; mais aujourd'hui que je suis accablé de peines, sans pouvoir compter sur aucun mouvement de douceur, je vois bien qu'il me faut quitter la partie. Je ne puis plus me tenir contre les douleurs et les déplaisirs qui ne me laissent pas un instant de relâche. Mais qu'un homme souffre avant de mourir! Cependant je sens bien que je finis.*"

The circumstances of his death are too well known to need more than a brief recapitulation. In the middle of the play his cough grew so trying that he was almost compelled to stop. He managed, however, though in terrible pain, to get through his part. At the end of the performance he staggered to Baron's dressing-room. The latter, shocked at his ghastly appearance, carried him to a sedan-chair and accompanied him to his

house in the Rue Richelieu. Armande had acted on this occasion in the part of Angélique. She cannot, therefore, have failed to notice her husband's critical condition. Yet there is no record of her having done anything to assist or even to have accompanied him home. On arriving at his residence Molière grew rapidly worse. Two sisters of charity, hastily summoned, found him stretched in the agonies of dissolution, and after a few moments' suffering he expired in their arms. His last action had been to send Baron to fetch his wife. She arrived too late to see him die, as also did a priest who had been summoned in haste to administer the sacrament.

One would have thought that a writer from whom the reign of Louis XIV. derives so much of its splendor would have been borne to his last resting-place

not as one unknown,
Nor meanly, but with gorgeous obsequies,
And mass, and rolling music;

but the French clergy of that time regarded the dramatic profession as outside the pale of the Church, and the curé of St. Eustache refused Christian burial to the remains of Molière. Technically he was in the right; for the ritual of the diocese of Paris strictly withheld the last rites of the Church from those actors who died not merely without receiving extreme unction, but also without solemnly swearing to abjure the stage should they by any chance return to health. Armande—and, be it noticed, this is the one action of her life on which a biographer can rest with pleasure—went to Versailles, accompanied by the curé of Auteuil, obtained an audience of the monarch, and implored him to procure Christian burial for her husband by a royal order. Louis was much averse to entering into a contest with his clergy, but he immediately wrote a letter to the Archbishop of Paris, in which he suggested that some exception from the hard ecclesiastical rule might be made for Molière. The archbishop, Harlay de Champvalon, in return, issued an order giving leave for an ecclesiastical funeral. It must, however, take place at night and be attended by only two ecclesiastics. The body must be carried straight to the burial place, without any previous ceremony in the church; and, added the archiepiscopal decree, "*cette permission sera sans préjudice aux règles du rituel.*" Up to a very recent date it was believed, on the authority of Grimaire, not only that this harsh concession was obeyed to

* So Loiseleur. See *Les Points Obscurs de la Vie de Molière*, p. 338.

the letter, but that a crowd of bigoted ruffians surrounded the *corridge* and refused to disperse till Madame Molière threw out money to them from her windows. A curious contemporary letter, however, written by an eyewitness of the ceremony to M. Louis Boyvin, member of the Academy of Inscriptions, has been discovered, which throws a very different light on the whole affair. The ceremony took place at night, but it was accompanied by three ecclesiastics. The coffin was carried by four priests, and followed by six acolytes with lighted tapers and several lacqueys carrying flambeaux. There was a large crowd of poor people present, and a distribution of money was made among them, nearly twelve hundred francs being given away in this manner. Grimarest had evidently heard a confused story about a distribution of money, but mistook its character.

This digression on the death and funeral of Molière has carried us away from Armande, to whom we now return. All the interest her life possesses arises solely from the fact that it was her destiny to blight the life of the great French dramatist by her heartlessness and folly. It will not be inadvisable, however, to conclude this sketch by giving a brief history of her career after her husband's death. The latter is not only interesting, as a singular study in human nature, but is in reality necessary fully to complete the idea which the reader will be inclined to form of her character as delineated above.

By the death of her husband Armande became *directrice* of his theatre. It reopened towards the end of February with the "Misanthrope." On March 3 Armande herself reappeared. The part she chose was her last one of Angélique in the "Malade Imaginaire," the very play in which only thirteen days before she had seen her husband act for the last time. So gross an instance of heartlessness needs no comment. She remained at the theatre in the Palais Royal till the end of March, 1673. She then transferred her company, now reinforced by several actors, from the Théâtre du Marais to the Théâtre du Guénégaud, in the Rue Mazarin. Armande had no conception of her dignity as the widow of Molière. During the next few years she led a life of vulgar dissipation, being aided in her intrigues by a door-keeper of the theatre named La Chateaufort. Her life during this period is minutely described in the "Fameuse Comédienne." That work, however, an anonymous life of Armande, published in

1688, is so untrustworthy that too much credence must not be given to all the stories about her. The only one of them which can be verified by official reports is so amusing that a short sketch of it may not be uninteresting. It is thoroughly characteristic of her life during this period, and coming after the sad and almost awful story of the death of Molière, seems like one of those diverting farces which in the theatre sometimes follow after the performance of a dread and gloomy tragedy.

In the spring of 1675 there came to Paris a provincial lawyer named Lescot. The reason of his visit to the French metropolis is unknown, but from his subsequent adventures it may be safely concluded that it was not for the purpose of studying legal authorities in the Mazarin library. While in Paris Lescot happened to visit the Théâtre du Guénégaud, where he saw Armande perform with great *éclat* in Thomas Corneille's tragedy of "Circe." Inspired by a consuming passion for that fairy-like enchantress, he began to rack his brains for some means of obtaining an introduction to her. Now there was also in Paris at this time an obscure actress named La Tourelle, who bore so extraordinary a resemblance to Madame Molière that she had frequently been mistaken for that more celebrated personage. A certain Madame Ledoux, to whom Lescot told the story of his love, therefore hit upon the expedient of introducing La Tourelle to him, as being in reality Armande herself. The introduction was effected. La Tourelle acted her part to perfection; and the deluded lawyer, infatuated with her graces, continued for some time in the seventh heaven of delight, till suddenly an unfortunate event occurred. One evening Lescot, dreaming of his love, the supposed Madame Molière, thought he would saunter into the theatre where he knew she was acting. He entered, took his seat, and watched her go through the performance with her usual success. His mistress had, for very obvious reasons, forbidden him to recognize her in the theatre, in order, she said, to prevent scandalous remarks from the other actresses. But this night Lescot seems to have forgotten the warning. He resolved to take the present opportunity to pay her a visit in her dressing-room and ask about a recent appointment which she had failed to keep. Guided by one of the attendants, he accordingly made his way to her apartment, knocked, and entered without the least embarrassment. Madame Molière was much surprised at the stranger's appear-

ance, and her surprise rapidly turned to rage when she heard him address her in the tones of a familiar. He received her declarations of ignorance of him with incredulity, swore that a necklace she was wearing was his gift—as a matter of fact the crafty La Tourelle had prevailed on him to buy her a necklace exactly similar to one frequently worn by Madame Molière—and on her showing anger at his persistence began to reproach her so furiously that she at last ordered the attendants to turn him out. Lescot continued to rave so wildly that a large crowd was soon collected, to whom Madame Molière expatiated with great vigor on the scandalous assertions made about her by the bewildered but indignant lawyer. The next day Lescot came again to the theatre and repeated his statements. He was this time, moreover, accompanied by the jeweller from whom he had bought the necklace for La Tourelle, who in his turn was deceived by the extraordinary likeness borne by that adventuress to Armande. At last Madame Molière resolved to place the whole matter in the hands of justice, and Lescot was called upon to stand his trial on an action for defamation. By the vigilance of the police the mystery was cleared up. La Ledoux and La Tourelle were unearthed and their machinations exposed. Madame Molière was fully gratified by a verdict in her favor. A sentence of the Châtelet, dated September 17, 1675, ordered Lescot to offer Madame Molière a full apology in the presence of four witnesses, to pay two hundred livres in damages, and to discharge the costs of the prosecution. On the two women a heavier

sentence was inflicted. They were condemned to be publicly whipped, to be banished for three years from Paris, to pay twenty livres as fine to the king, a hundred livres as damages to Madame Molière, and to discharge the costs of their prosecution. The younger sinner, La Tourelle, managed to escape. La Ledoux unwisely preferred to appeal to the Parliament of Paris, which promptly confirmed the decision of the Châtelet, and on October 17, the first part of the punishment was duly inflicted on her. The whole affair was of great use to Madame Molière. She was now enabled to shift all the misdeeds of which the world accused her on to the shoulders of La Tourelle, and thus gained an accession of good fame which her virtue sorely needed.

In May, 1677, Madame Molière, disappointed at her failure to inveigle any of her noble admirers into marriage, bestowed her hand on a third-rate actor named François Guérin. Guérin was not so easy a master as the great Molière. He compelled the seductive Armande to live in retirement at Meudon, where she had only her children to amuse her. She left the stage definitely in October, 1694. She tried to compel her daughter by Molière, Esprit Madeleine, to retire into a convent, in hopes of thus gaining absolute possession of the large fortune which the child inherited from her father. The attempt failed; but Madame Molière rendered her daughter's life so miserable that the latter ran away from home and married a middle-aged nobleman named Claude de Montalant. Armande died in Paris on November 30, 1700.

GERALD MORIARTY.

BISMARCK No. 2. — The Berlin *Das Echo*, in an article upon Count Herbert Bismarck as a Parliamentary orator, says that he is the exact double of what Prince Bismarck was forty years ago—that is to say, in the year of revolutions. "He stands like his father; he has the same movements of the head and the hands, the same tugging up of his coat-collar, the same physiognomical play of features, the same nervousness, the same wearisomely dragged voice, while every sentence sounds like the gurgling of water in a pump that does not work well." The older statesmen, who recollect the Bismarck senior of forty years ago, call him "Bismarck No. 2." His maiden

speech, which was delivered at the great colonial debate, was expected with as much excitement and interest as the appearance of a new tenor. The house was crowded, and all Berlin was eager to read what "the representative of Bismarck" had said among his Parliamentary colleagues. "Not the least excitement," says our contemporary, "was there evident in the eighty journalists sitting with opened note-books and sharpened pencils, as if impatient for the first syllable which was about to issue from Bismarck the Second's lips." The old field-marshal Moltke sat earnestly watching the young orator, thoughtfully rubbing his nose with a paper-knife.